

THE
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

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ELIPHALET CLARK, M. D.

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"A story in which native humor reigns
Is often useful, always entertains;
A graver fact, enlisted on your side,
May furnish illustration well applied;
But sedentary weavers of long tales
Give us the fidgets, and our patience fails."

COMPOSE yourself, gentle reader; though the following sketch may possess less of "humor" than of "graver fact," yet it is hoped that its brevity, at least, may relieve both your patience and your nerves from too severe a task. To the question what a person should first read, it was once answered, "The biography of some very good man;" and to the question what he should next read, it was replied, "The biography of some very bad man." The moral contrast could not fail to afford valuable instruction.

Writers of biography have at all times a task of no little delicacy, peculiarly so when the subject chosen is a living one. Much that may be said with entire propriety when one has passed away from among us, we are not permitted to say of the living man, and, further, the character is not "sealed and sure" till death has made it unalterable. On these accounts some have doubted the propriety of sketching living character at all for the public eye. It admits a question, however, whether the example of the dead or the living exerts the greater influence upon men; which voice is most potent for good, his who, "though dead, yet speaketh," or his who, yet among his fellows, engaged in all the activities of life, cheers them on in their course both by word and act to noble and virtuous deeds.

It was with true Christian exultation that Mr. Wesley once exclaimed, "Thank God, our people die well!" So they do still, and, what is no less a matter of gratitude, our people *live well*—at

least some of them. No better specimens of godly living exist anywhere than are often exhibited among the laity of the Church. Pearls of priceless value are often found even in circumstances of great obscurity. Methodism is becoming wealthy in the department of biography, especially of her ministers. She is not, however, equally so, though having abundant material in the biography of her laymen. Few indeed of the many bright ornaments of Christianity there found have been given a living existence in our literature. Their "works indeed follow them," but the benefit of their personal history has, to a great extent, been lost to the world with the departure of the generation with which they lived.

Accept so much, kind reader, as an apology for introducing to your notice a living layman of our Church. Eliphalet Clark, M. D., of Portland, Maine, is well known by name, at least, and to a large extent personally, to the Methodists of New England, not only as a skillful medical practitioner, but also as a devoted friend of the Church and a liberal supporter of her institutions. To few men in Maine is Methodism more largely indebted, especially in a pecuniary respect. In Portland, where he has long resided, is he the acknowledged patron of our cause, not confining his liberality to the particular Church where he holds his connection, but, with a munificence as ample as it is unusual, contributing to the aid of the other Methodist Churches in and around the city.

The Doctor is not a man of large wealth; his pecuniary circumstances are only what would be called easy. His domestic and personal economy is rather of the rigid cast than otherwise. Few men expend less in any thing usually called pleasure; all about him is plain, and his style of living frugal; in all his matters he is a strict utilitarian. To his economy rather than to his wealth is he indebted for the means of his

liberality. He seems early to have adopted the rule "to get all he could honestly, and then to have joined to it the rule of Mr. Wesley, to *save* all he could, and—after providing suitably for his own—to *give* all he could." About his house and table, however, there is a generous hospitality, where both from himself and his estimable wife a cordial welcome and kind Christian attentions always await you. Both here and in all his bearing and intercourse you will ever find him the true Christian gentleman, without guile and above dispute.

The Doctor is a Methodist, all a Methodist and always a Methodist, traditionally, educationally, sympathetically, and "of his own free will and accord." Yet is he no bigot in religious matters. Indeed, tried by any standard but one of the broadest Christian charity, he might be regarded as making a sufficiently near approach to the other extreme. He is no way backward, however, any where and in all appropriate ways, as occasion calls, to give full proof of the soundness of his Methodist faith, both as to the theology and general polity of the Church. He has no love for religious strife, and never provokes controversy on religious topics with persons of different faith, though he is not entirely without skill either in "pitching a lance" or in "parrying a stroke;" and the valorous knight Polemical, who may have the assurance to provoke a trial, would do well to see that his feet are pretty firmly set in the stirrups, or he may stand a tolerably fair chance of being unhorsed.

His regard for the Methodist Church and for Methodism is in nothing more manifest than in his love for her ministers, for whom no layman with whom the writer is acquainted cherishes a stronger regard, and in whose hands their interests in any and all respects would be more secure. Do not infer, kind reader, that our subject is a blind and indiscriminate admirer of all and singular that may come along in the garb of a Methodist minister. No such thing; he has lived too long and observed too closely not to have learned some time ago that "all is not gold that glitters," or to be very easily duped either by starch or whiskers—though, by the way, his own chin is nowadays bare. The Doctor does not always judge from outward symptoms; he may take occasion to examine inside matters a little. His subject may have the benefit of a phrenological examination without special reference to Gall or Spurzheim, and if suspected of heart disease, indicating symptoms will not pass unnoticed. And woe to the "luckless wight" that in his presence attempts in his pulpit performances to walk on "stilts" instead of his own pedal arrangements! Let all such plagiarists,

either young or old, know and understand that the Doctor is pretty fully into the secret of "sketches," "skeletons," and "helps," of the various sorts and kinds too fully altogether to be always, to such as use them too freely or too *literally*, a comfortable critic, as some unexpected and apparently casual remark or some pointed question may soon prove. On the other hand, let not the humble minister of Christ, of whatever age, grade of talent, or degree of attainment, be alarmed at his presence or afraid of his criticisms. Though he can be a critic, searching and severe, and can, if he must, use the scalpel with energy and effect, yet is the instrument in safe hands, and no very alarming fears need be entertained that any important ligament will be severed, or any vital organ materially damaged, though possibly in the operation he may judge best to dispense with the use of chloroform.

Let it not be apprehended, however, that to any improper extent he will attempt any interference with the legitimate province of the Christian ministry. Few men understand better than he the broad scope and range of Gospel supervision. The recent efforts so clamorously put forth by many persons the moment any allusion is made to some of the blackest and most crying abominations of this or any age to silence the pulpit on all such topics by the cry of "political preaching," "clerical politicians," "union of Church and state," etc., find with him no sort of sympathy. Nor would he with sacrilegious hand attempt the dangerous work of steadying the ark of God. So much for his ecclesiasticism. And here let me add by the way, that the only objection the writer would have, if any, to his occupying a seat in the first General conference that admits a lay representation is the danger that the "balance of power" between the clergy and laity so desirable to be maintained in that body, might be "disturbed" by his strong clerical "proclivities"—his strong "*progressive*" "*conservatism*" would highly justify the measure.

Little is known of his ancestry, further than that on the paternal side they were from England, of the Puritan stock, and among the earlier settlers of this country. His father, Richard Clark, Esq., now deceased, was a native of Wells, York county, in what was then called the district or province of Maine. From this place, when a young man, he went to what was called the Sandy River country, then little else than a wilderness, in search for a farm. This region, for the variety and picturesque beauty of its scenery, is wholly unsurpassed if not unequaled by any thing in New England. The lover of nature

might gaze upon it a hundred times and still his interest know no abatement.

The finest views are obtained as you pass up the Sandy river through the towns of Farmington, Strong, Avon, and Phillips; the grand old hills, or mountains, as they may be more properly called, rise on each side of the river, now in cone-like shapes, and then in bold and precipitous crags, their bases coming down almost to the water's edge, affording room barely sufficient for the road, then again sweeping back in ever-varying lines, and leaving between their bases and the river tracts of beautiful and fertile intervals. One of these plats, in what was then called Reedstown, now Strong, on the easterly side of the river, with the gently-rising hill-side in the background, was the spot selected for the farm—a spot in which, for the richness and loveliness of its scenery and its Sabbath-like quiet, one might well wish to spend his days and then lay him down there to sleep his long, last sleep of death.

Here was the family home, and here were the children raised, seven in number, the subject of the present sketch being the fourth. His parents were among the first-fruits of Methodism in that region, and nearly so in the state, having been converted to God under the ministry of that apostle of Methodism in New England, Rev. Jesse Lee, about the year 1795. The father was distinguished by his amiable temper, kind and generous disposition, excellent judgment, strong common-sense, and great moral integrity; the mother, by an intellect of uncommon vigor, and by great energy and decision of character. Moreover, she was a woman of mighty faith and prayer. Both were deeply pious. Under their hospitable roof the Methodist itinerant found the choicest of homes and the most cordial of welcomes, and, on the other hand, his visits were regarded by them as among their richest mercies and highest spiritual privileges.

The practice was early adopted in the family of spending a portion of the Sabbath evening in religious conversation and prayer, a sort of class and prayer meeting combined, a practice not unfrequent in those early days in Methodist families, but which in these times is nearly obsolete; which, however, in all times, can not be too highly commended, especially in the absence of more public means of grace. In these exercises the mother took a prominent part, and, being largely gifted both in the use of language and in prayer, she would at times pour forth a torrent of exhortation addressed to the unconverted members of the family altogether irresistible; and then would she take the matter to God, and there plead with him for their salvation with a

strength of feeling, and an eloquence of language, and a power of faith entirely overwhelming. As the result of these influences the entire family of children one after another early became the subjects of renewing grace.

The subject of this sketch was converted to God, together with some other members of the family, during a revival of religion which occurred in the neighborhood in the fall and winter of 1818, when he was about seventeen years of age. This happy event took place at one of the above-named seasons of family worship, a most fitting place and occasion for the conversion of a child. Of the entire family none now remain but the Doctor and one sister.

In his mental structure, temper, and general disposition are largely combined the traits of both parents, and it would be difficult to determine which he more nearly resembles. In his complexion and features he closely copies his father. It has been intimated that his early thoughts if not convictions were directed toward the itinerant ministry; he, however, finally decided upon the medical profession, to which so far he has devoted his life, and it is presumed that he is quite content with his vocation. Certainly his success proves his eminent qualification for the duties of the profession.

In his practice as a physician he does not forget his duty as a Christian. Not regarding his mission as entirely fulfilled by the strictest attention to the rules of diagnosis and therapeutics, but, recognizing the fact that man is immortal as well as mortal, and believing that the true interests of either nature can never be in conflict with the other, unlike many of the profession, discarding the notion that religious conversation and prayer at the bedside of the sick, judiciously conducted, is either dangerous or improper, he not only encourages them in others, but also frequently engages in them himself, and with not a few of his patients the question remains undecided, whether his medicines or his prayers possess the greater efficiency. Be this as it may, his influence over his patients in a religious respect is often highly salutary, while the kindness of his manner and the tenderness of his sympathy make him a desirable visitor to the couch of suffering. These qualities, added to his eminent skill as a physician, have secured to him an extensive practice, more extensive and laborious than is always consistent with his impaired state of health.

In his person the Doctor is tall and well formed, and in former years, when in good health, tended rather to corpulency. For several years past his health has materially suffered, and, as a consequence, he has put on the appearance of

age somewhat beyond his years. His head is approaching to baldness, and his hair is freely sprinkled with gray, and his form slightly bending.

In his natural temper he is cheerful, and quite inclined to mirthfulness, and knows how to spend and enjoy a social hour as well as most persons. Time never lingers in his company. The business of his profession has brought him in contact with all classes of society and with all description of persons; he has thereby acquired a large fund of anecdote and incident, on which he sometimes draws to the entertainment, and at times, also, to the no little amusement of his auditors; added to this, his powers of mimicry are not at all deficient, and when the presence of his actors as well as their history seems needful to give effect to the representation, few understand better how to introduce the *dramatis personæ* than he. His humor, however, is chastened, and is never allowed to become excessive or to obtrude itself untimely. In his friendship he is warm, generous, and confiding; rarely losing and always making friends, the circle of his friendship has become extensive.

The space allotted to this sketch requires that it be here closed, and we will only add, that as one among many of the excellent laymen of our Church, the subject of this sketch holds a conspicuous place, and may be not unappropriately proposed as a pretty fair example of what a Christian layman should be. May his life long be spared, and the light of his example never be obscured!

REPENTANCE.

AS sure as God is God, if you this day are seeking him aright, through Christ, the day shall come when the kiss of full assurance shall be on your lip, when the arms of sovereign love shall embrace you, and you shall know it to be so. Thou mayest have despised him, but thou shalt know him yet to be thy Father and thy friend. Thou mayest have scoffed his name; thou shalt one day come to rejoice in it as better than pure gold. Thou mayest have broken his Sabbaths and despised his word; the day is coming when the Sabbath shall be thy delight, and his word thy treasure. Yes, marvel not; thou mayest have plunged into the kennel of sin and made thy clothes black with iniquity; but thou shalt one day stand before his throne white as the angels be. If thou be a real seeker, the hands that have been stained with lust shall one day grasp the harp of gold, and the head that has plotted against the Most High shall yet be girt with gold.

HERE AND THERE; OR, TIDBITS OF TRAVEL.

A DAY AT POMPEII.

BY PROFESSOR O. M. SPENCER.

NO one should visit Naples without seeing Pompeii. Among the numerous excursions to be taken in the vicinity of that beautiful city, and amid the enchanted islands of her still more beautiful bay, few, if any, will repay the traveler so well. Vesuvius, seated in solitary grandeur, like a grim warrior, with flaming crest and waving plume, will undoubtedly first command the admiration of those who are fond of the terrible and sublime; Porsilipo, crowned with the tomb of Virgil, and consecrated by the homage bestowed upon it by the gifted and the great for the last six centuries, may possess greater attractions for the literary pilgrim; Puteoli, as being the terminus of the long and perilous voyage of the apostle Paul, who tarried here with the brethren seven days, and then set forward toward Rome, may possess greater interest for the Christian traveler; Lake Avernus and the Elysian Fields, Baia and Miseno, Pozzuoli and Cumæ—all so rich in classic associations and mythological legends, where every bay and promontory, grotto and villa, has been invested with the charm of poetry and fable, and is now associated with many of the greatest names in Roman history, can not fail to enlist the sympathies of the classical scholar; but there is a melancholy interest that gathers around the ruins of Pompeii, embalming the art and religion of an age antedating the birth of Christ, hallowing the dust and ashes of the city, and warming into life its very skeletons, which will justify a preference over and above all of these, while it affects the heart alike of the Christian or scholar, the virtuoso or antiquarian.

On the morning of the 22d of June our party, consisting of four and a guide, left the courtyard of the hotel *La Gran Bretagna*, and, dashing along the *Strada Nuova* at a rapid pace, to avoid the importunities of a legion of beggars, were soon set down at the station-house for Nocera. A few minutes more, and we were thundering along over the accumulated lava of ages, the buried ruins of Herculaneum beneath our feet, the bay of Naples reposing in tranquil beauty on our right, and on our left Vesuvius, with his rugged brow, frowning in terrible majesty. A forty minutes' ride brought us to the station at Pompeii. The locomotive whistled as if it would startle Desolation herself from her ancient hiding-place, or awaken with its echo the very dead, and then dashed on, leaving us alone in a city without an inhabitant. Not alone either, for here are the presiding genii of the

place, in the shape of several guides, dressed in uniform and appointed by the government, whose gentlemanly port is in striking contrast with that of the clamorous tatterdemalions one is accustomed to meet with in that capacity while traveling through Italy. Selecting two of these, we set out for the Street of the Tombs. This is a continuation of the *via Domitiana*, or a branch of the grand old Appian Way. It is skirted on either side by sepulchral monuments of almost every description, from the unpretending slab to the most imposing cenotaph. In these latter were found cinerary urns, lachrymatories, or small vials in which the tears of the friends of the deceased were supposed to be collected and preserved, and sepulchral vases, whose ashes, after the lapse of nearly twenty centuries, were still saturated with libations of oil and wine.

In the midst of these tombs, and nearly surrounded by them, is the Villa of Diomedes, the largest and most perfect specimen of a Pompeian villa that has yet been excavated. Our guides, having interdicted what they deemed a sacrilegious propensity on the part of some of our party to appropriate, now and then, a specimen as a souvenir, prefaced our introduction to the interior with a lecture on *meum* and *tuum*, from which, unfortunately, I derived but little benefit, as it was delivered in Italian. We were now conducted by a flight of steps into a spacious open court, surrounded on all sides by a covered colonnade called the peristyle, which must have afforded a delightful promenade in winter, while it served as a communication between the various apartments of the villa. Some of these, as the dining-room and the reception-room, are still richly decorated with marbles, mosaics, and the most elaborate ornaments. A few specimens of the mosaic pavement, lying in detached fragments upon the floor, proved too strong a temptation to be easily resisted, and were soon transferred accordingly to some of our pockets. In the center of the court is an impluvium which supplied the cistern with water. We now pass from the court through a long corridor, which communicates with the garden, where we still find the remains of a fountain and summer-house. Here, too, near the garden-gate, was found the skeleton of the supposed owner, still grasping the key of the villa. Seventeen other skeletons were found in the cellar, which, judging from the ornaments still found upon them, were mostly those of females. Here it appears they had sought in vain for shelter from the fiery storm, that fell in showers of ashes and red-hot scorice till it had completely deluged the devoted city.

Approaching the Herculaneum gate, we leave

the villa of Cicero to the right. Here the gifted Tully entertained such guests as Pansa, Balbus, and Augustus, and composed his *De Officiis*, which has not inaptly been styled the heathen "*Whole Duty of Man*," and is still perhaps the finest treatise on virtue that ever flowed from a pen unaided by inspiration. Just outside the gate is a small vaulted niche, or recess, popularly known as the *sentry-box*. When it was first opened the skeleton of a soldier in complete armor was discovered, who, faithful to his trust, and preferring death to desertion, still grasped a spear in his skeleton fingers.

We now enter the city proper. The ruins of an arched gateway still indicate that it had a triple entrance—a central one for chariots, and one on either side for foot-passengers. To attempt a description of what has been so often and so well portrayed would be in bad taste, as well as impossible in the narrow limits of a magazine article. We shall, therefore, only indicate a few outline features of the ruined city. It is supposed that only about one-fourth part of its original limits has as yet been excavated; and that at the present rate of disinterment three or four centuries must elapse before the whole site will be cleared. Occasionally the work receives a new impetus by the princely donation of some royal or distinguished personage—that part of the city thus excavated generally receiving the name of the munificent donor. The roofs of the houses, being mostly of wood, were destroyed by the violence of the eruption, so that the appearance of the city, in this respect, reminds you of some recent and wide-spread conflagration. Here and there a ruined wall may be seen cropping out of the ashes and cinders of the unexcavated portion. When this fact is considered in connection with the still more remarkable one of a celebrated engineer having traversed the entire length of the city in the construction of an aqueduct, sinking the air-shaft of this subterranean channel over more than a mile of its surface, it seems almost incredible that the long-lost city of Pompeii, a record of whose ancient site was perpetuated in the chronicles of the middle ages, should have remained undiscovered till the middle of the last century.

The temples, theaters, and other public buildings of the city, though interesting in themselves, interpreting, as they do, through their architectural features, its origin and early history, will probably possess less attractions for the modern traveler than the *homes* of Pompeii, since they introduce him to the domestic, interior life of its gay and luxurious citizens. After visiting quite a number of these, we found a similarity of construction running through them all,

only modified by the rank and circumstances of the occupant. The dwelling-houses were generally two stories high, the lower story being occupied, for the most part, with shops, or else presenting a blank wall to the street, stuccoed and gaudily painted. Their general construction was that of a hollow square, with an open court in the center, tastefully arranged in flower-beds, and adorned with a fish-pond or a fountain. Between this court and the street were a suit of apartments set apart for the transaction of business and the reception of public visitors. The largest of these was the *atrium*, or hall, a kind of general reception-room, with a cistern in the center, supplied with rain-water from the flat roof above through an aperture in the ceiling. Opening into this and out on to the street was the vestibule, faced with a portico, and flanked on either side by a waiting-room and porter's lodge. On either side and in the rear of the court were the more private apartments, as the library, picture gallery, drawing-room, sitting-room, and the *triclinium*, or dining-room, distinguished by the remains of the couches upon which the luxurious Romans reclined at table. The bath-rooms and apartments for the servants and household gods were generally in the rear of the court, on either side of a corridor which opened out upon the garden. The walls of the principal apartments were generally painted in bright colors, and highly decorated with mural paintings, arabesques, grotesques, medallions, and bas-reliefs. The floors were paved with marble or mosaics, either arranged simply in checkers, or in patterns of the most elaborate design. A flat terraced roof, without chimneys, adorned with flowers and vines supported upon trellis-work, so arranged as to afford a delightful promenade, completes the outline features of a Pompeian villa.

The streets of Pompeii, though regular, are so extremely narrow as not to admit of sidewalks, or of the passage of chariots except in the principal thoroughfares. The pavement is composed of polygonal blocks of lava, which is everywhere worn into deep ruts by the chariot wheels, consisting of a single track in the narrower streets, but crossing and recrossing each other in the broader ones in such a manner as almost to suggest the idea that street railroads are not of modern invention. One thing is certain, patents of recent date have been taken out in England, if not in America, for inventions the exact counterpart of which has been found among the ruins of Pompeii.

The shops claim a passing notice. Over the entrances to some of these may still be seen the names of their former proprietors, painted in

rude characters with red paint, and in some instances over the names of previous occupants imperfectly erased. The signs are significant and suggestive. Thus, for example, a milk-shop was indicated by a goat; a drinking saloon by an amphora, or jug; a gladiatorial school by two pugilists playing a duet upon each other's ribs with their fists; while the representation of a schoolmaster whipping a boy hoisted upon another's back, indicated the residence of a knight of the birchen rod. One has an inscription soliciting the patronage of the *duumvirs*, another that of *Ædile*, assuring him that *dignus est*—he is worthy of it.

Now we enter a bakery. The baker is miller, too, for here is a rude lava flour-mill of singular construction. The upper portion is in the shape of an hour-glass concave at either extremity. The upper concavity was intended to receive the corn; the lower one, communicating with it by a small aperture, was made to revolve, by means of wooden bars, to which slaves or asses were attached, upon a cone of the same material, exactly fitting it internally, and firmly implanted in the ground. As this appears to have been the most extensive establishment of the kind in the city, it was probably run by horse-power, as the skeleton of an ass was found in an adjoining room. Here, too, are the ovens, the stone kneading-troughs, and the store-room, which, when first excavated, still contained a supply of corn and flour.

We must now part with our readers for a moment, for Sodom and Gomorrah are here. Pompeii! thou didst richly deserve thy fate in common with the cities of the plain. A baptism of fire alone could regenerate thee! Passing the *House of the Vestals*, the guides call our attention to a fine mosaic in the pavement in front of the threshold. It was the single word, *Salve!* I could not but contrast the indiscriminating heartiness of this mute salutation with the genteel "Not at home" of modern times. A somewhat more ambiguous welcome than even the latter was found near the threshold of the *House of the Tragic Poet*, in the shape of a mosaic representing a dog chained, with the inscription, *Cave Canem!*—Beware of the dog! A similar inscription and device might guard the hospitality of those who are either exclusive in their associations or annoyed with troublesome visitors. As we were about leaving, the sweeper of the mosaics plucked us by the sleeve, as a gentle reminder that we had forgotten the *carlino* which he expected for his services—a small matter, to be sure, but to him, poor fellow, judging from the expressive longitude of his countenance, the most important part of the whole transaction.

No one can visit Pompeii without being struck with the wonderful preservation of the merest trifles, and yet trifles that are suggestive of volumes. The eruption, so far from destroying the city, has only embalmed it. Not only has it preserved its temples, theaters, triumphal arches, baths, villas, and fountains, but also its fruits, flowers, and shrubs—its paintings, statuary, and the most elaborate works of art. No artist, with his plaster casts, could rival the delicacy with which the fine alluvium has molded the busts of the most beautiful female forms, and taken an impression of the gossamer-like texture of the finest linen. With inimitable skill it has taken an exact impression of life as it was two thousand years ago, giving us an insight into the customs, religious beliefs, amusements, and domestic manners of its gay and luxurious inhabitants. Here in a drinking saloon the marble counter still exhibits the stains of the liquor and the marks of the glasses, while the walls are covered with the autographs of tippling scribblers, and the score of the landlord for drams that were drunk before the time of Augustus Cæsar. A few squares distant, in the temple of Iris, was found the skeleton of a priest, who, to say nothing more, was at least a *bon vivant*—of which the egg-shells, fish-bones, bread, and chicken bones of his unfinished repast, and a goblet of wine crowned with a garland of flowers, bear ample testimony. Here is an altar upon which were found the ashes of the victim. Near by is a secret stairway, by means of which the priests could enter the hollow statue of the goddess, and deliver the oracles as if they proceeded from the shrine of the goddess herself. Now we stumble upon Æsculapius with his pill-boxes, whose pharmacy, we should judge, did not differ materially from our own. Here, in this elegant villa, were grinning skeletons, with eyeless sockets and brainless skulls—their bony fingers and arms still encircled with rings and bracelets. Here in a prison others were found with their legs still fastened in iron stocks or fettered by iron manacles. Maternal love was here; for upon this spot the skeleton of a mother and those of her three little children were found, interlocked in each other's arms—an emphatic illustration of the ruling passion strong in death. Not far distant dwelt female vanity, too, as the pots of *rouge* and vases of cosmetics and perfumes will testify. Throughout the city Mammon ruled with a golden scepter, and held, as now, an almost universal sway. Here was found a skeleton in the very act of leaping from a window, still grasping some golden coin and silver plate. Here another still hugging his hoarded treasures with a ghastly grin—a most revolting

spectacle of Death embracing Mammon under the guise of a bag of gold. It is a striking and suggestive fact that a large number of those who perished at Pompeii, did so in the midst of their treasures and in the fruitless attempt to save them. Could the skeletons of these, still clutching their sordid gold, be hung up in some of our modern pulpits, what powerful sermons would they preach, in their mute eloquence, upon the text, "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God!"

In the midst of these reflections we were startled by the whistle of the evening train for Naples, where we arrived about seven o'clock in the evening. When we were within a square of our hotel I alighted from the carriage for the purpose of visiting a fruit-stand. Scarcely had I done so, when I was assailed by several beggars, among whom I distributed the little change I had intended to invest in apricots. This, however, was only the signal for a general onslaught. I was forthwith surrounded by as unsightly, importunate a crew as even Naples itself could boast of. In vain I protested that I had not a single *bajocco*. A cripple on crutches laid hold of my person; another thrust the diseased stump of an arm under my very nose; while a miserable old crone, with a squalid-looking child, which I afterward learned she had borrowed for the occasion, laid hold with a great deal of energy on my coat-collar. There was nothing left for me to do but to beat a retreat. Accordingly, drawing my hat down over my eyes, I pushed my way through the crowd for the hotel. But my female assailant and her borrowed baby were not so easily got rid of. Still holding on to my coat-collar, she accompanied me down the street, and, with a most beseeching look and pitiful accent, kept crying, "*Signor mio! per l'amore di Dio, un bajocco! per l'amore di Christo la moneta!*" till, to my infinite satisfaction, the landlord came to my rescue. He, as is usual in such cases, reasoned the matter with his cane—a kind of logic very much in vogue among a certain class in Naples, with whom the *argumentum ad baculum* is the most potent of arguments. Though I felt pained at this summary treatment, I could not but think she had gotten a Roland for an Oliver.

I HAVE ever gained the most profit, and the most pleasure also, from the books which have made me think the most; and when the difficulties have once been overcome, these are the books which have struck the deepest root, not only in my memory and understanding, but likewise in my affections.

THE WEB OF RHYMES.

BY KATY CARLISLE.

"WEAVER of rhymes, come weave for me
The boon I long have sought—
A web of music-woven words,
With warp of golden Thought!"

"What wilt thou give me for the web?"
"Three caged singing birds—
Two for the golden warp of Thought,
One for the silver words!"

"I'm very fond of singing birds,
Provided they are free;
But caged warblers ne'er shall sing
Their mournful plaints to me."

"Then I will give thee, for the web,
From fairest garden bowers,
A fragrant wreath, all garlanded,
Of richest, rarest flowers!"

"I'm very fond of flowers, too,
Provided they are wild;
But few sweet musings cluster round
The garden's pampered child!"

"Then I will give thee for the web—
Ne'er sold in earthly mart—
The true and changeless friendship of
A fond and faithful heart!"

"Amen, dear one! the thread is spun,
The web will soon be thine;
For Friendship's blessed sake 't is done,
For we were friends lang syne!"

"Now, take thy long-hushed lyre and sing
Of brighter hours in store;
For friendly hearts have not grown cold
Since happy days of yore!"

THE CAGED BIRD.

BY ADELAIDE STOUT.

SWEET bird! thy merry greenwood note
Thou hast forgot to sing;

'T is vain to beat thy throbbing breast,
Or poise thy ruffled wing.

The shadow falls as softly where
Thy gilded cage is hung—

As bright the golden sunlight plays
As forest leaves among.

Then why, sweet bird, refuse to sing?
Why vainly beat thy glossy wing?

'T is vain to hang thy gilded cage
Within the breeze-swept tree;
The whisp'ring leaves but fill thy breast
With longings to be free.

Though softly through the rifted boughs
The changeful shadows play,
I know that thou art pining for
The greenwood far away.

Though warm and bright the sunbeams are,
They fall but through a prison bar.

So oft my fluttering spirit strives
In vain to soar above,

To bathe her weary wings within
The fountain of God's love.
The glories of the earth and sky
With wild joy thrill her breast;
Yet Nature's voices ever say
That here is not her rest:
She pines, O God! for liberty
To soar with unbound wing to thee!

THE MISER.

BY MRS. MARY J. PHILLIPS.

A MISER unknown sat at midnight lone
Counting his golden treasures o'er,
And his eyes beamed bright, with an eager light,
As they often had beamed before;
And he laughed and smiled, like a little child,
As he held, in his trembling hand,
The shining gold, from his coffers old,
For which he'd compassed sea and land.

"It is all my own! it is all my own!"
He murmured in tones of glee;

"I've gathered it up, like dregs from a cup—
Like sands from the shore of the sea!
From widows that wept, where their loved ones
slept—

From the orphan and fatherless!
I've stolen their all, nor heeded the call
That came to me out of distress!

I have gathered much from the proud and rich,
And more from the suffering poor;
I've held the cup for drunkards to sup,
Till they sank to rise no more!
And innocent youth, from the paths of truth,
I have lured with many a wile—
All, all for the gold, the glittering gold,
That I've heaped on my shining pile!

And now I am rich! aha, I am rich!
I have gold and jewels beside;

But I long for more of the shining ore;
For my greed is unsatisfied.

Nor would it be if the boundless sea
Had pearls for me fathoms deep,
And all the dry land, from mountain to strand,
Were a glittering, golden heap!

For, lo! I am cursed with a quenchless thirst,
That is burning my life away!
For I want more gold than the world can hold,
And I want it without delay!
But, hush! did I hear a step drawing near?
Ah, no, it was only the shock
Of the thunder's roar on the surf-beat shore,
Where the waves make war with the rock!"

And the miser smiled as the storm grew wild,
And he hugged his glittering gold,
Till a blinding flash and a deafening crash
O'er the hut like billows rolled!
And they found him there in the morning fair,
When the storm was overpast,
With the lightning's trace o'er his withered face,
Which told how he died at last.

AUNT JANET'S DIAMONDS.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

LOST.

I AM glad you like the style of the setting, my love; it certainly is old-fashioned; but the taste is good, and the stones are particularly beautiful. Directly you become my son's wife, I shall give them up to you.

You wonder I should like to part with them at my time of life! The truth is, for all their beauty, they afford me very little pleasure; their sparkling brilliancy recalls the saddest events of my life. It wants half an hour to dinner. I shall just have time to tell you the story.

These diamonds were a gift from my aunt Janet, my mother's sister. I was left an orphan at an early age, and went to live with aunt Janet. She had a very pleasant house on Clapham Common, with a large garden; and she possessed an excellent income, arising from various sources. Aunt Janet was a widow, and her property had been left her by her husband in her sole control. She had no children, and she brought me up as her daughter; not that I was by any means spoiled; in truth, I was by no means as great a favorite as a little cousin of mine, Josiah Wilson, a child of my own age, who used to come and stay occasionally with us. On the plea of little Josiah's being a visitor, I was always forced to give way to his whims and fancies, and let him be first in every thing. Even at that early age, I am sorry to say, I began to dislike my cousin; and my dislike was increased to positive hatred by his being constantly held up to me as a pattern child. I believe that Josiah was naturally better behaved than I was; but even at that early age, I could perceive that he was particularly sly, and always took care to put on his best behavior in my aunt's presence. I can recollect, too, I was constantly punished for his faults. He used stoutly to deny every thing; it was useless for me to speak; he was always believed, and I received the punishment.

When my aunt purchased these diamonds, Josiah and myself were taken as a great treat to the shop—a very old established jeweler's in town. I was too young at the time to know any thing about the value of diamonds, but I perfectly recollect seeing the man in the shop show this very set to my aunt for her approval. After some demur at the price, she gave a check for the money, and took the diamonds home with her in the carriage.

It happened on that day my aunt was in excellent humor with me; and while Josiah and myself were playing in her dressing-room, she called

me to her, and put the diamond necklace on my neck, in order, as she said, to see how it looked on another person. I was delighted at the glitter, and ran off to survey myself in the glass. My aunt promised me, in reply to my expressions of admiration, that if I grew up a good girl, those diamonds one day would be mine. Thereupon, Josiah began to cry furiously; and he declared, with childish vehemence, that he *would* have the diamonds.

I suppose this early recollection would never have come to mind, but for its connection with subsequent events.

As we grew older, Josiah was sent to school, and we only met during his holidays. At these periods, he was always spoiled by my aunt, and his chief amusement was plaguing and teasing me; any appeal to my aunt was useless, for she always took his part. When Josiah's education was finished, he was placed in a stock-broker's office to learn the business; and, to my dismay, it was arranged that he should reside with us.

However, matters did not turn out so unpleasantly as I had anticipated. Josiah, whenever we were thrown together, was civil and courteous; and though I never could tolerate his sly manner, and the false way in which he always treated my aunt, yet we contrived, on the whole, to live harmoniously together.

At last, Josiah came of age. I recollect how surprised I was, on the morning of that day, when he presented me, in the presence of my aunt, with a very handsome bracelet. As he was my cousin, and as we had been so much together, I never dreamed for a moment that there could be any significance in the gift, and I saw from my aunt's manner that she would have been hurt had I refused it. My aunt gave a grand party in honor of the birthday, and I was still more surprised to find that all Josiah's attentions were paid to me, although there were several very pretty girls present, who, I knew, would have been nothing loth to receive the addresses of Mrs. Wilson's favorite nephew.

This most unexpected conduct greatly embarrassed me; independently of my positive dislike for Josiah Wilson, my feelings were already set in a particular direction. I was dreadfully distressed lest Mr. Huntly should fancy that I was gratified by my cousin's attention; and then I found that my aunt had been whispering here and there mysteriously that my new bracelet was Josiah's present. I would have given any thing to tear it from my arm, and strove as much as possible to bury it in my dress.

The truth came out next morning. After I had read to my aunt, as was our custom, the lessons for the day, she spoke to me in a serious tone.

She felt she was growing old, she said: in the event of her death, I should be left without a protector; it was the dearest wish of her heart to see me Josiah's wife.

I trembled at her words, for I knew, with all her kindness, that my aunt was of a very determined disposition, that she could never bear to be thwarted.

I replied that Josiah's conduct had never led me to suppose that he regarded me other than in the light of a sister. "Ay," replied my aunt, "I have talked the matter over with your cousin, and he confessed that he has liked you very much for years past, but that your manner toward him has always checked any demonstration of his true feelings. I then told him," continued my aunt, "that it was for him to take the initiative in a courtship."

I was sick at heart, and escaped, as soon as possible, from the room, on some housekeeping excuse. I understood the matter clearly enough; Josiah saw how deeply my aunt had set her heart on our marriage, and he had resolved, for his own interest, not to be the person to thwart her.

My persecution began from that day. I was to be taught to like Josiah Wilson. My aunt devised all sorts of plans for forcing us together. He used constantly to bring me home presents from the city, jewelry, bouquets, and the like, which I was forced to accept. My aunt frequently told her friends that we were very much attached to one another, and that she supposed, one day or other, we should ask her consent to our union. My greatest distress was to see how piqued and angry Edward, Mr. Hantly, was at the attentions I received from my cousin; he evidently thought I was on the point of being engaged. My lips were sealed; it was impossible for me to give him any indication of my real feelings. Josiah was always at my side, paying me the most assiduous court.

After a short time, Josiah made me an offer, and I refused him without hesitation. I was certainly astonished by the warmth with which he pressed his suit, for I had fancied he was only acting out of compliance with my aunt's wishes. He begged and prayed that I would not pronounce an ultimate decision; he had, perhaps, been rather premature in his declaration: he only asked further time to prove the sincerity of his love. He would take no refusal, and we parted.

As might be imagined, my aunt was very angry at my conduct. She expostulated earnestly with me; and in order to show how deeply she had the matter at heart, she detailed to me the plans she had formed for our future mode of life. We were to live with her; at her death, she would bequeath us all her property; and on the

day of our engagement, she intended to present us each with five thousand pounds.

I was placed in a most delicate position. I was wholly dependent on my aunt; I had not a single relation in the world who could help me; Mr. Hantly, as was natural under the circumstances, had ceased to pay me any attention.

Things took the course I feared; my aunt finding that her arguments in Josiah's favor were unavailing, had recourse to threats. She reminded me that the disobedience was wholly on my side; she declared that it would be the worse for me if I persisted in my refusal; and she concluded a very painful conversation by desiring me to give her my final decision after the dinner-party to which we were going on the following evening. In the mean while, I was to think over the matter well.

When she had ceased speaking, my aunt recollected she had left the book she was reading in the summer-house, near the end of the garden. She was about to ring for the servant to fetch it. I said I would go instead of her. It was a lovely summer night, and the cool air was very refreshing after the excitement I had gone through.

I found the book in the summer-house, but I did not return immediately, the intense calm of night was so delightful. I was in a strange condition, half musing, half crying, when I heard voices behind the summer-house. I felt frightened and drew back into the shade. Listening very intently, I could distinguish my cousin's voice, then another voice—a woman's—my aunt's maid, Lucy! To my utter amazement, I heard him ask the girl to meet him at that spot on the following evening, after we returned home from the party. It was my cousin's voice, I was certain of that. They passed away. This was the excellent man my aunt wanted me to marry! I was quite overcome with anger and indignation. I would denounce his conduct at once! When I had sufficiently recovered myself, I hurried back to the house. My aunt was not in the drawing-room; I had time for reflection. How did matters stand? Why, only my word against his! Of course, the girl would deny every thing; his word from childhood had always been preferred to mine. My aunt, at most, would believe I had mistaken the voice.

I resolved to hold my peace till the following evening. What a night and day of agitation I passed! Not one word did my aunt say about Josiah during the next day, but her manner was all kindness toward me.

The dinner-party was to be a very grand affair, and my aunt, as was usual on such occasions, wore her diamonds.

You may imagine how little I enjoyed myself,

sented next my cousin. Mrs. Huntly, Edward's mother, was at the party, and I could see she watched us very intently.

It happened after dinner, before the gentlemen came up, that Mrs. Huntly and myself were left alone together in one of the drawing-rooms. She addressed me, and laughingly said she supposed she would soon have the pleasure of congratulating me on my engagement with my cousin. I longed to speak out to her, to tell her how I disliked my cousin, and loved her son, but I dared not. I strove to say something; my tongue was powerless; I burst into a flood of tears. Fortunately, I recovered myself before my aunt caught sight of me.

We left the party at about eleven o'clock. As soon as we got home, my aunt bade Josiah good night, retired to her dressing-room, and sent for her maid. When my aunt wore her diamonds, it was the custom for me to take them from her dressing-room, and put them away, and they were kept in a room opening into the dressing-room, which was used as a boudoir. In this room was a large fire-proof safe, which on the outside had the appearance of an ordinary chiffonier. I was in such a state of nervous agitation when I entered my aunt's room to obtain the diamonds, that at moments I seemed to lose my head. Lucy was assisting my aunt to undress; the diamonds lay on the dressing-table; I placed them in their box, and took them out of the room without saying a word. To my dismay, I found Josiah in the boudoir. There was always some difficulty about the lock of the safe, which was very elaborate. He took the keys out of my hand, and opened the door for me, and almost before I had placed the diamonds in their usual place he renewed his hateful offer. It was on my lips to tell him that I knew of his baseness. Luckily, as events will show, I restrained myself; but I did solemnly declare that, come what might, I would never be his wife. He tried to frighten me with my aunt's displeasure. In the midst of our discussion, in came Lucy from the dressing-room with a message that her mistress wished to see me immediately.

It was a relief, at all costs, to be out of Josiah's presence.

My aunt was sitting in her easy chair, wrapped in her dressing-gown. Her manner was all kindness toward me; she made me sit close by her. To my surprise, she did not say one word about the marriage. She began talking, accidentally as it were, about the alterations she intended to make in the house. She asked my opinion of her different plans. I replied incoherently enough, I'm sure, but she took no notice of my manner.

As we lived in the neighborhood of London, it was Josiah's custom very frequently to discharge a pistol out of his bed-room window. Hearing the report, recalled to my mind that I had left the keys of the safe with him. My aunt kept these keys in a secret place in her room, and was always very careful to see that they were safely deposited before she went to bed. I was puzzling my head how to get these keys from Josiah, for I had not the courage to go for them myself, when there came a tap at the door, and Lucy brought in the keys, saying that Mr. Josiah had told her to give them to my aunt.

The conversation about the improvements was resumed, and I soon found that all this had really reference to our marriage—my aunt choosing to assume, by implication, that I had consented to the match.

It was a warm, sultry night, and, on pretense of wanting air, I went to the window. How my heart beat! Looking out, I could just perceive, in the breaks of light on the path, a figure hurrying down the garden. I strained my sight hard to be assured of the fact. The time had come to tell my aunt of my cousin's conduct.

I turned abruptly from the window, and threw myself at her feet. "Aunt, I can not marry my cousin!" At that moment, to my utter astonishment and dismay, there was a knock outside the door. It was Josiah; he had come to ask whether Lucy had delivered the keys.

My aunt answered Josiah's question, and he went away; then, turning to me, she asked, in a severe voice, what I had to say.

I knew it was in vain for me to speak without proof. I was silent through painful helplessness. My aunt, waiting awhile for me to speak, sternly declared I had willfully thrown away my best chance in life; henceforth she should never recur to the subject, and she bade me good night. I reminded her that this was my first act of disobedience to her wishes; I declared I would never marry without her consent. It was all in vain; notwithstanding my tears and protestations, I could not move her to forgiveness.

But however great my distress of mind, it was, for the time, lost in bewilderment at Josiah's conduct. It could not have been more than five minutes after he had inquired about the keys, that he hurried into my aunt's dressing-room, without so much as knocking at the door, and told us, in going the rounds of the house, he had found one of the dining-room windows, which opened on the garden, unbarred, and the window open. He was certain there was some collusion with people outside; thieves might even now be secreted in the house. He rang the alarm-bell, which was connected with the room. His man-

ner seemed so perfectly natural, that I began to believe I must have mistaken the voice. The women servants, dreadfully frightened, came huddling into the room—all but Lucy! Where was Lucy? Nobody knew; she was not up stairs. Josiah and the two men were to search the house. The butler declared he had himself shut and barred the dining-room windows. Presently, we heard voices outside in the garden, and Josiah came back to my aunt's room, laughing. He said it was all a false alarm. The butler and footman had pounced upon Lucy just as she was coming in at the window. The wretched girl was hurried into my aunt's presence, and cross-questioned, Josiah standing by quite unconcerned. What had she been doing? she was so scared and frightened. All we could gain from her was, she had gone to meet her sweetheart.

My aunt gave her warning on the spot, and declared she should leave the house next day.

I was far too excited to sleep that night. Josiah's voice!—was it Josiah's voice? I could think of nothing else.

Early in the morning, Lucy came into my room, crying bitterly. She begged and prayed I would intercede for her with my aunt.

"Tell me, Lucy, whom did you really go to meet?"

"Why, miss, only my young man," she replied.

"What an hour to choose, Lucy!"

"Yes, miss; but he's at work in London all day long."

I was determined to solve the mystery about Josiah.

"Listen to me, Lucy." I watched her closely as I spoke. "The night before last, about half-past ten, I went to fetch a book from the summer-house." She blushed scarlet at my words. "I heard the meeting between you and that man arranged! I knew your voice, Lucy, and I knew his voice, too!"

She turned deadly pale, and sank to the floor.

"O, miss," she said, in a low tone, "you never can forgive me. It was very, very wrong; but if you knew all, you would pity me. Mr. Josiah promised to get my brother let off being a soldier—he did, indeed! Mother's broken-hearted about poor James."

I knew it was true that Lucy's brother had enlisted.

"Have you any proof to give of Mr. Josiah's promise?" I asked.

"Only my word; but that's worth nothing now," she replied, in accents of despair. "I've told one lie; nobody will believe me."

The girl's confession, which was so greatly to her detriment, left no doubt in my mind respect-

ing my cousin; but the motive for his extraordinary conduct was still hidden in mystery. I cautioned the girl not to say a word about the affair with Mr. Josiah, which, unsupported as it was by any sufficient evidence, would only render her case worse with my aunt.

My aunt, of her own accord, after very serious admonition, awarded to Lucy the grace of a month's warning.

Never again did my aunt allude to my marriage with Josiah; but she treated me with the utmost coldness and distance.

It appeared that Mrs. Huntly had perfectly comprehended the reason of my silence and tears, when she addressed me at the dinner. In a few days I received a letter from her son, making me an offer.

Rejoiced as I was at this evidence of Mr. Huntly's love, I could have given any thing that his avowal should have been postponed till my aunt had become more reconciled to my rejection of Josiah.

I placed the letter in my aunt's hand, telling her that I held myself fully bound by my promise not to marry without her consent. She read the letter without making any remark on the contents, told me to acknowledge its receipt, and say that the subject should be fully answered in a few days. I little imagined the reply that letter was destined to receive.

One morning about ten days after the dinner-party I was summoned to my aunt's room. Of course I believed she wished to see me respecting Mr. Huntly's offer. When I entered the room I could see she was much agitated; she motioned me to shut the door.

"Where did you put the diamonds on the night of the dinner?" she inquired.

"In their usual place, at the top of the drawer," I replied.

"Find them, then!"

I knelt down and looked into the safe; the diamonds were not in their place. I felt dreadfully alarmed; it was my fault for letting the keys go out of my hands. I pulled out all the contents of the safe, parchments, legal documents, dusty bundles of letters, bills, plate—the diamonds were gone!

"I have had the keys in my possession from the time Lucy brought them to me the night of the dinner; I can swear to it!" exclaimed my aunt. "Why, that was the night the girl was found in the garden!"

"You don't suspect Lucy, aunt?"

"I do!" she replied with decision.

I protested it was impossible Lucy could have been guilty of such a crime.

"Well," rejoined my aunt, "we women are not

fit judges in such a matter. I'll send for Mr. Chapman."

This gentleman was a solicitor, and had always been a great friend and chief adviser to my aunt.

A messenger was dispatched to Mr. Chapman, and the coachman sent, post haste, to fetch Josiah home from the city.

In about two hours Mr. Chapman was with us. My aunt related to him the occurrences of that night, calling upon me to supply the particulars in which I was concerned.

He desired that Lucy should be sent for. I would have willingly escaped from the room, but my aunt ordered me to remain.

Mr. Chapman placed his chair so that the light from the window fell full on Lucy's face as she stood before him.

I was in a perfect agony; I knew the girl was innocent. There was a sickening presentiment weighing in my mind, strive against it as I would, that Josiah was involved in the affair.

Mr. Chapman stated to Lucy, that, in consequence of something which had just transpired, it was necessary for him to know the name of the person she had gone into the garden to see.

The girl looked anxiously at me; I averted my eyes, but I felt my face burn beneath her gaze.

She said it was her lover!

"His name?" demanded Mr. Chapman.

She refused to give any name, and though he pressed her on the point, she remained obstinately silent.

"Now, Lucy," said he, "this is how matters stand: your mistress's diamonds were placed in that press; the keys were last in your possession; the diamonds are gone."

"Gone!" exclaimed the girl in terror. "Not me, sir; you do n't suspect me?"

Mr. Chapman made no reply. Lucy turned from him to my aunt, and vehemently protested her innocence.

"It is in your own power, Lucy," said Mr. Chapman, "to clear yourself from suspicion by telling us the name of your lover."

In sheer desperation the girl uttered some name. Mr. Chapman noted it down.

"Now, the address. Mind, I shall send a person instantly to verify what you say."

She stammered, prevaricated, and threw herself in an agony of grief on the floor.

Mr. Chapman told my aunt that a constable had better be sent for.

At this juncture Josiah entered the room; he was not himself—I could see that; he peered anxiously round.

To my amazement, Lucy started up. "I will tell you who this man is, sir," she exclaimed to

Mr. Chapman. "There he is!" and, pointing to Josiah, she looked him steadfastly in the face.

"The girl's mad," said Josiah, with affected coolness.

"This is a sheer loss of time," said Mr. Chapman; "we had better send her off."

"I'm not mad," cried the girl; "he knows he asked me to meet him in the garden; he promised to get off my poor brother if I would."

I saw Josiah wince at her words.

"It's a base lie," interposed my aunt; "Mr. Josiah never went into the garden the night you were found there."

"Wretched creature, this falsehood won't serve you," exclaimed Mr. Chapman, indignantly.

"But I've a witness," she retorted boldly; "we were overheard the night before."

I saw Josiah grow pale.

"Really, aunt," said he, "you won't believe this nonsense."

"Of course not," replied my aunt; then, turning to the girl, she told her to produce her witness.

Lucy flew up to me, and, with determined energy, drew me into the middle of the room.

"Speak for me!" she exclaimed.

It was a terrible moment; to speak was to criminate Josiah.

"You must speak," said the girl fiercely; "if you do n't, it will be on your conscience to your dying day."

I shall never forget the terrible ordeal of questioning and cross-questioning I underwent. Lucy, now that the truth was out, had grown quite reckless and defiant, and she positively forced the words out of my mouth. My aunt, on the other hand, was strangely calm and composed, and seized with eagerness on every weak point in my narrative. I had stated that I had heard Josiah ask the girl to meet him. "Had I seen Josiah?" inquired my aunt; "that was the great point."

"No, I had certainly not seen him."

"Then I might, after all, have mistaken the voice."

I was ready enough to confess that I might have done so.

"But how had Lucy discovered my knowledge of the affair?"

I related my conversation with the girl on the following morning.

"It seems to me only to amount to this," said my aunt: "you have been all along prejudiced against your cousin. In the first place, you fancied you heard his voice; instead of openly speaking to me, and having the matter cleared up, you allowed the idea to remain in your mind. This wretched girl, cleverly enough, perceives the nature of your vile suspicions; very likely,

long ere this, has been the confidant in the feelings you entertain toward your cousin; so she endeavors to gain your favor by debasing his character, and at the same time, for her own advantage, she converts you into a witness in support of the most palpable lie ever invented."

Mr. Chapman fully assented to my aunt's view of the matter.

I was in a perfect agony at the course things had taken. I denied, with truth, that I had ever spoken to Lucy about my cousin.

"No doubt," said Josiah, with a sneer, "my very charitable relation believes I have stolen these diamonds!"

"No, no, Josiah," I replied, "I know it can all be explained."

"It *shall* be explained," said he, sullenly. "I'll go to town instantly, and have the best man from Bow-street to examine into the affair."

My aunt readily assented to this, and Josiah left the room. She then ordered Lucy to go down stairs, telling her she would be strictly watched.

From the moment my aunt and Mr. Chapman began to discredit my evidence about Josiah, the girl's boldness had ebbed away, and utter despair again took possession of her. She begged and prayed most piteously not to be sent down stairs; they might lock her up where they liked, but she dare not face the other servants.

My aunt, without noticing me in the slightest degree, left the room with Mr. Chapman. Lucy dragged herself with effort to where I was sitting.

"O, miss," said she, "I know you don't think me guilty. But do say so; the words would do me good; it's so terrible to bear!"

I assured her that I fully believed her innocent.

"Ah," she continued, "I know I've got you into trouble, telling, as I did, about Mr. Josiah. Any other way, they might have burnt me before I'd have told it; but to be accused of stealing those diamonds—I could not hold my tongue."

I gave the poor girl what comfort I could, and then hurried away to my own room, for I was afraid to encounter my aunt. I heard what was going on from one of the servants, who came up to me from time to time.

Josiah returned from London after an absence of about three hours; a Bow-street officer was to follow him immediately. From my bedroom window I saw a strange, forbidding-looking man, with a slow, heavy step, come up the house-walk from the common. He was admitted into the house. I listened anxiously over the staircase to hear what was going on below. I heard them all—my aunt, Mr. Chapman, and the man—go to the room where I knew Lucy was. The man's heavy tramp went pit-pat with my heart. I felt perfectly ill with suspense. Then I heard the

man's footsteps going toward my aunt's boudoir, tramp, tramp, down the passage; all was silent. Presently, the footsteps returned down the passage to the room where they were all assembled. There was a sudden, loud shriek—Lucy's voice. I sank down, clinging to the banisters. I don't know what time had elapsed when one of the servants rushed up, breathless.

"Thank God! they're found!" she exclaimed.

"The diamonds?"

"Yes, miss; they were all the time in the safe."

"Impossible!" I replied; "I searched it myself;" and I hurried down stairs to learn the truth.

[CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

RECOLLECTIONS OF MRS. ANN WILKINS.

BY REV. J. B. BENHAM,

LATE SUPERINTENDENT OF THE LIBERIA MISSION.

IN the November number of the Repository I was glad to see a good likeness of sister Wilkins, a rare Christian friend and fellow-missionary laborer in Africa. Now that the practice has been commenced, I hope we shall frequently see sketches of the representative women of our Church.

As far as I am acquainted with the interesting facts narrated by Dr. Durbin, I fully indorse them. From my former connection with the Liberia mission, I am in possession of some additional items, which may edify the readers of the Repository; and with your permission, I will furnish a few of them.

The sketch in the background of the picture is a fac-simile of the building occupied by this devoted missionary when I first visited her establishment, early in 1846. All the surroundings are familiar and natural. The main building was a low story-and-a-half building, about twenty-four by thirty. Here I found a family of thirty persons.

For the better accommodation of her large family and school, a more eligible two-story building of brick, twenty-one by forty, with a veranda the entire length, was put up near the site of the old establishment. This is now known as the Millsburg Female Academy.

Late in 1846, after several years of unremitting attention to her onerous duties, she *consented* to accompany Mrs. B. and myself to Cape Palmas for the benefit of her impaired health, leaving her school in charge of her associate, Miss Brush. During this voyage, and while we were kindly entertained by Rev. F. (now Bishop) Burns, we saw in her rare examples of modesty, industry, patience, mildness, and devotion.

As a sample of social interviews at her house,

allow me to furnish an extract from my diary, under date of July, 1847:

"The evening was spent in company with Dr. Lugenbeel, Rev. J. W. Roberts, sisters Wilkins and Brush, and Mrs. B. We had a social Christian visit, calculated to strengthen the bonds of Christian fellowship already existing. Few, except those isolated as we are, on the borders of this vast heathen country, can have any adequate conception of the 'feast of reason and flow of soul' enjoyed this evening. Our interview was closed by prayer."

As a sample of her family devotions, take another extract, found in the same connection:

"After family prayer in the evening, general questions were proposed to the children on religious subjects, which they answered very satisfactorily. An effort was made to bring the subject within their grasp of thought. Their sighs indicated deep emotion; prayer was proposed again, and while several were being offered up, their sighs increased to general and audible weeping, rendering it an interesting and impressive scene. The seed sown by these devoted sisters will spring up, yea, already the 'blade' appears."

Here follows another extract, under date October 30, 1847, which illustrates the Scripture promise, "They that sow in tears shall reap with joy:"

"Our hearts were gladdened on the reception of a letter from sister Wilkins, giving an interesting account of a revival at Millsburg in general, and in her school in particular. All except the youngest had professed faith in Christ, consisting of twenty-five girls and two boys."

Another extract will show the spirit of these young converts:

"November 5th.—The children received me with an unusual welcome. It being the evening of their prayer meeting, several of the young converts came in from the neighborhood who had recently found mercy of the Lord. After the usual salutations, having given some account of what God had recently done for them, at my request they sung a hymn. This attracted the attention of most of the children of the family, who came to the door of the sitting-room. At the close of the hymn, one of the girls ventured in and said, 'Please, sir, the girls want to come in and sing, too.' To this polite request I readily assented, and the room was soon filled by respectably-behaved native children. Several additional hymns were sung, though not upon the most scientific principles. The *devotion* of the exercise, however, was more than a compensation for its *deficiencies*. This was followed by a short address in broken English, in which we gave some account of the revival among the Congoes, at Monrovia, preceded by several prayers. Sister

Wilkins says the information received of this revival was what settled a determination on the part of her children to become Christians, though several of them had for months been quite serious."

Her martyr spirit will appear in the following: "Early in the month following sister W. I found evidently much debilitated. She has liberty to return to America, and has been advised to do so, but declines, trusting both soul and body in the Lord's hands."

She was deeply experienced in holiness, as is manifest from her letters to Mrs. B. and others. Here follow extracts:

"August 19, 1847.—Dear Sister,—With sincere regret we learn that brother B. is again sick, but hope, through the divine Goodness, it will not be of long continuance, or very severe—that this may not be unto death, but only for the glory of God and your own good. Perhaps you will think me hard hearted to suppose that sickness or any other trial may be for your *good*; but have you not often found it so? Does not each merciful deliverance from trial tend to increase your faith, and cause you to rely, with greater confidence on Him who so kindly, so carefully brings you through? And is not patience increased by it—a new cause of gratitude discovered by every merciful preservation from threatened death?

"I thought I would try to make out a letter to you to have ready to send by the next conveyance; and as holiness of heart and life has been the chief subject of conversation here for some time past, as well as always uppermost in our thoughts, I feel that I would like to talk with you a little on the subject—the all-important subject; for, while it remains written, 'Without holiness no man shall see the Lord,' this subject should surely engage all our attention till we find ourselves in possession of that precious gem. And is it not strange that any Christian acquainted with the Bible, and believing all its sacred truths, can rest contented without an assurance of being holy through the precious blood of Christ? I recollect some conversations we have had touching this subject, but I fear too remotely, to benefit either of us much, owing, doubtless, to my own dullness in speaking of it. Yet I thank God, though I felt the need of a clearer, brighter witness of holiness in myself steadily possessed, he never suffered me to lose my interest in it and desire to enjoy it fully to the time of Dr. Lugenbeel's visit here, when we all had much conversation on the subject of holiness, in which the Doctor was deeply interested. You know such conversations can not be wholly lost, and so we proved it. Sister B. and myself both found our

souls stirred up to renewed diligence in seeking the full assurance of faith which had formerly been given with the Spirit's clear witness; rather, I did—I can speak most clearly for myself; for I do not know that sister — had as much need of renewing as I had. Conversation led to more frequent, earnest, determined prayer, and the Holy Spirit assisted with melting, subduing influences, and gave the sweet consciousness of yielding all I am, or have, can do, or suffer, to his holy will, acknowledging Him as before, when the witness was given, to have the exclusive right to rule me in every thing. Perhaps I should mention that fasting on the last day of the soul's wrestling with God was joined with prayer. This is a precious means of grace, which can hardly be used—joined with prayer—without profit. David says: 'I humbled my soul with fastings;' and I have often found it a great help to the obtaining of humbling views of self, and these, you know, are very proper for such fallen, helpless, sinful creatures as we are. Altogether sinful in ourselves, and wholly dependent on Him against whom we have sinned to be raised from the degradation of our sins and sinfulness, O, how adorable is the great Author of our existence and redemption, who has provided so abundantly for our redemption from sin! How can we think of doing less than giving him *all* our hearts, and serving him with all our powers, through all our lives! We do no great thing then; it is but our bounden duty—a debt of gratitude. O, how little, how *very* little, do I for the glory of God! It seems to me almost *nothing*. This is my greatest trouble, that I am so nearly useless in the world. It is, however, delightful to be employed for God; there is a spirit in religion which makes the Christian love to be active in doing good; it allows of no indolence of life, but I naturally desire to see some good results from all my labors. This, too, I must resign with all else—to be willing to be any thing or nothing for Christ's sake—to be esteemed or despised, is the point for *me* to abide at if I would be holy. No selfish feeling must predominate. Then in what an even stream will life flow! The soul being staid in God will not be greatly disturbed by any changes which Providence appoints or permits. The soul will then have but one anxious desire relative to earth, and that will be for the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom.

"And now such as I have accomplished, will you accept, considering the intention, and looking charitably at its imperfections, and, especially, pray for me. Affectionately, A. WILKINS."

Extract of a letter to one who had recently obtained the witness of purity: "Be assured the

witness of entire sanctification may be dimmed, beclouded, or lost, by what may seem a very little thing—a thought, a word, a temper amiss—the turning the eye of the mind. A want of confidential faith in the Savior may bring gloomy shadows over the mind which may not soon be removed, though there may be constant design and effort to do right, and this, too, accompanied with much prayer. I do not say the soul will be entirely left without divine consolation, or without many answers to prayer, and some of them immediately while praying. While the soul endeavors to live faithfully, there may be at times a sacred sense of the preciousness of the blood of Christ as the fountain which cleanseth from all sin, with a sweet sense of the divine favor; and this may sometimes last for days or weeks together, with a joyful sense of belonging to the Lord."

"Yet I am well assured, and have been from the time the blessed witness of sanctification was given, that it is possible to retain it uninterruptedly simply by abiding in Christ by faith."

"I find all my strength is derived from my union with *Christ* and faith in the *bond* of that union. Most clearly and delightfully has our Savior's parable of the vine presented itself to my mind—where he calls us the branches closely united to him by *faith*—partaking of his nature, deriving our life, all our strength, our vigor and activity from him."

"Since you were here, I have been enabled to keep *all* upon the altar of sacrifice, and have consequently felt the cleansing influence of the precious blood of *Jesus*."

Other extracts might be given, but those furnished may suffice to afford some idea of the character of this devoted moral heroine. She undoubtedly shortened her life by some years as the result of her labors and exposures in Africa. She may, therefore, properly be called a *missionary martyr*.

I presume sister W. kept a diary during nearly twenty years of her connection with the Liberia mission. This would furnish material for an interesting work for the juvenile portion of our Church. It is to be hoped that those in possession of her manuscripts will prepare them for publication soon.

LITTLE SINS.

A *LITTLE* theft, a small deceit,
Too often leads to more;
'T is hard at first, but tempts the feet
As through an open door.
Just as the broadest rivers run
From small and distant springs,
The greatest crimes that men have done
Have grown from little things.

BETTY MILLS'S GRAND MATCH.

BY L. L. L.

(CONCLUDED.)

ONCE alone in her chamber Betty felt that she saw the world as it really existed with the varnish peeled off for the first time in her life, and, like all who judge in a bitter, vindictive mood, she did injustice to human nature. She was conscious of knowing more than most of the ladies she met in the first society of this, the largest city in the Union, of reading and studying many things during the last year of which they were entirely ignorant, and she was painfully conscious of appearing awkward and abashed before them, awed by their easy manners and self-possession. She murmured against Providence for not placing her, in childhood, where she could have had superior advantages, and against her husband for bringing her in such society with her ignorance of its forms. And she thought bitter things of those who place birth above brains and money above worth. It seemed to her that all was wrong, that the wheels of society had got entangled, and a false estimate placed upon every thing. Then came a desire to become a reformer and make these wrongs all right, quickly followed by a burst of rage, that Mrs. Hunter had dared say such things to her, and she shook her clinched fist in the darkness, as though to fell any one to the earth that would say she was one jot the worse for being born a Mills instead of a Hunter, and that her mother was less worthy because her purse was lighter. With her mother's image came softened thoughts of hours spent by her side, dressed in a homely garb, to be sure, but with a wealth of love around her that turned every thing to gold; and she crept to bed yearning for that mother's good-night kiss and fervent "God bless you, darling," that seemed to invoke angels from the skies to shield her. She crept to bed with a heavier heart than she had ever borne beneath the cabin roof, and closed her tearless eyes in a feverish slumber without one prayer to God for guidance or strength.

Betty's time was mostly spent in making and receiving calls, sitting under the hands of her dressing-maid, and in attending large parties, where, with scores of others, she had nothing to do but stare at the ceiling above and scan her nearest neighbors. Often at such times she was startled by the curious gaze of some stately dame or strange gentleman, whose looks were withdrawn as soon as she noticed them, only to be fixed upon her again as her own eyes were timidly cast down. She asked herself a hundred times if all of these people knew from her appearance that she was from the country, and only a

poor widow's daughter; and then, as her pride was touched by the thought, she would raise her head and turn upon the gazer a look that resented the intrusion.

One morning, after having been nearly suffocated in one of the aristocratic apartments of upper-tendom the evening previous, she was standing in the conservatory, idly tapping a geranium-tree, shaking from its leaves a tiny shower of sparkling drops, with which the gardener had deluged it as he passed through with his watering-pot, when one of her husband's sisters entered, and said:

"Why, Mrs. Hunter, you are getting to be quite the rage; did you notice a very tall man with black hair, and a stoop in the shoulders, at Mrs. Degarmo's last evening?"

"Yes."

"It was Mr. D., our new senator. He says you are the most beautiful woman he ever saw, and husband says you are creating quite an excitement. Betty, it is worth while to see something beautiful occasionally," she added with a sneer, and then she laughed scornfully.

A deep blush overspread Betty's face and neck, and the hand trembled that rested on the geranium-tree, and was dropped to her side. Just then her mother-in-law entered, and Betty slipped away to her own room, where, turning the key, she went directly to the mirror and looked fixedly at herself. It was the same face she had seen from childhood, only perhaps a shade more thoughtful. "Was she beautiful?" she thought. "If so, why had she never known it? Was it possible that she was so beautiful as to attract attention?" Then she compared the woman in the mirror with others—her dark, rich hair hung behind her ears in heavy braids, the broad, full forehead, the arched brows, delicate yet clearly defined, the eyes deep and black, and angry now. But she remembered once she thought her eyes were brown and soft, with long, drooping lashes, cheeks full enough to indicate health and physical strength, a Grecian nose with thin nostrils, and full, red lips. She turned her head one side to note the perfectly-formed neck, rising above the sloping shoulders and full, swelling bust. Betty was no connoisseur and could not rightly estimate her purely-classical head and form, which, if deprived of its rosy color, would pass for a happy inspiration of a master artist; but she turned away well pleased, as an enigmatical smile flashed from her eyes, and, sitting down on an ottoman, folded her hands in her lap and leaned her head against a corner of a table, while strangely-vivid expressions chased each other over her face. From that day a new purpose seemed born within her. It showed in

the thoughtful, absent look of her eye and in the tones of her voice. That there *was* a change in her husband and her sisters felt, but *what* it was they could not tell. She seemed suddenly elevated above her former self; the timid, irresolute woman, distrustful of herself and fearful of others, was gone. There was no word exchanged between her friends regarding her, but they all unconsciously assumed a kinder and more respectful manner toward her. Her whole nature seemed aroused to accomplish some object, and in its pursuit the petty slights that formerly stung to the quick were now unheeded. She spent the mornings in her own room reading magazines and papers, home and foreign; she studied the poets of the present day and of the past, and, as far as she could understand, dipped into logic and science. After dinner she seized every opportunity of seeing society, visiting painting galleries, and attending lectures; nor was she a listless spectator; styles of dress and manners were closely noted, conversation of literary men eagerly listened to, and all that could interest or improve labeled and laid away for future use. She always went out, except to social gatherings, alone with her husband. It was a new pleasure for him to watch the varied expressions of her face as all of these things were newly opened to her mind, and, as his mother and sisters did not wish to accompany her when it could be possibly avoided, a ready excuse was always at hand whenever Mr. Hunter proposed it.

Four months of this life had passed and Betty was glad to get away from the heat and noise of the city and go with her husband to Saratoga, where he had taken rooms for the summer. Do not turn up your aristocratic nose, reader; this was many years ago, long before Saratoga had been voted snobbish by "select society." And here Betty found a new study. There was gathered in the parlor on the evening of her arrival people from all parts of the United States and from many parts of Europe. Near her stood a burly Englishman surrounded by a group of blooming daughters, whose rosy cheeks and robust figures plainly told that they came from no American city. Next stood a Wall-street man, who poorly compared with his pompous neighbor; the wrinkles in his face seemed to take the form of the multiplication table, and his fingers were restlessly playing one upon another as though computing interest. Over there stood a clergyman, if one might judge from his white cravat and benevolent face, and a short distance from him a young lady of diminutive size, of the golden-haired, blue-eyed order of beauty, chatting nonsense in a silvery voice to a group of dandies, while a tall, dark lady of uncertain age, who

seemed loth to lay aside her badge of belleship, was viewing her rival with a sneering lip that seemed to say, "You little chit you, if you had not better taste than to have been born with such downright yellow curls and faded eyes, you might at least have sense enough to stay in some corner. Just as though those gentlemen cared to listen to *you*." But the little fairy chatted on, and her circle of listeners seemed to bear the infliction with great resignation. Over by the window was an invalid leaning back in a high-backed chair, whose corpse-like face was rendered still more ghastly by the intense black of his hair that clung to his damp forehead, and was often thrown back with a quick, impatient stroke of his skeleton hand, and his hollow cough stopped many a laugh midway in its merry ring. On a sofa near by sat an old maid, any one could tell it by a glance; not one of those loving, elderly maidens who is aunt to the whole town, and whose heart runs over with tenderness toward every living thing God has made, but a rectangular, solemn-looking individual that made you think of sackcloth and ashes in spite of yourself. Across the room was promenading an American statesman with an English Duchess upon his arm, and, while his head was bent low seemingly to catch every word of her half-whispered observations, his eye was fixed upon a group of politicians around the door who were discussing the political aspect of the day. But there were others who mingled in these groups: there were numberless young girls in floating gauze followed by anxious mammas; young men just let loose from college; tired merchants and exhausted lawyers, each intent on making the most of the present recreation; while there came floating through the open window a murmur of glad voices from the piazza, and a loud laugh from a group of gentlemen on the walk beyond, all of which, mingled with the music of a band stationed in the grounds back of the house, making a brilliant scene of intoxicating mirth. And was it as it seemed to be, all happy, beautiful, and pure? Did no song come from moaning heart, no smile play over stagnant depths where loves and hopes lay wrecked beneath? Could the veil be torn off and each heart laid bare with its ambitions, selfishness, cunning, deceit, and infidelity, how many would stand all pure in the streaming light and not skulk away into the darkness of outer night? Perhaps some such thoughts as these were passing through Betty's mind as she stood in the center of the room beneath the chandelier noting the company individually and collectively. She stood alone in the midst of strangers, but many asked, as they passed her in her stately beauty, "Who is she?"

and the only answer was, "I do not know; who can she be?"

But she did not long remain unknown; her husband found many old acquaintances from his native city and distant ones, and as the young wife of Mr. Hunter many admirers, both old and young, fell into her train, and ladies from north and south were happy to meet her, and begged to present their daughters. She met all with a dignified grace, joining in the various conversations with ease, and, with no sisters or mother-in-law to watch her, was calm and self-possessed. The old fear of her husband was gone. Her face no longer flushed if she met his eye while she was talking with a stranger, nor did her heart flutter, when he approached her, in anticipation of fault-finding.

While in New York the illusion of her girlhood fled, and she thought she had discovered the reason why Mr. Hunter married her. Petted by all of the family during boyhood, surrounded by a troop of servants, never contradicted or thwarted, it was difficult to have all of these advantages in a western wilderness; so by marrying a country girl to administer to his wants, who had no will of her own to start up in his path and confront him, he would please his fancy and consult his comfort by having a waiting-maid, housekeeper, and wife all in a beautiful young girl. That she was low-born and uneducated was nothing; he had sufficient independence to follow the bent of his own inclination, untrammelled by the customs of society or the wishes of others. A sense of the injustice he had done her, by not shielding her from the scorn and insults of her friends, was combined with a growing consciousness of her own abilities to throw off all fear of him, and she ever met him with an indifference equal to his own. She entered into the gayety around her with great zest, and no party of pleasure was complete unless Mrs. Hunter was of its number, and the chief attraction of the ball-room was wanting if she was away; and when she wandered on the outskirts of the cotillon, many a dancer resigned his place to be at her side and listen to her gay sallies or spirited remarks on those that passed before her. Gray-haired men, who had been walled in by musty books all of their days, delighted in the freshness of her vigorous mind; for she had learned the greatest charm of conversation—to say what she thought and felt in a simple, direct way; and as her moods were various, so did her conversation range from lively repartee to bitter denunciation, and ridicule, and somber moralizing. She often smiled to think what a different world this was from what she had once imagined, and how easily the crowd was led.

Her studies were not sacrificed to society, but the mornings were always devoted to books, and no amount of importunity could persuade her then to join in ride or walk.

Among the boarders who arrived a few days after Mrs. Hunter was a Miss Cora Murray, an orphan, with her guardian, a bachelor uncle. She lived in Tennessee, and becoming tired of home-scenes, after exhausting the patience of every man, young and old, in the country, by her caprice, she was now dragging her old uncle from one watering-place to another, testing the powers of her gazelle eyes and piquant manners. She was twenty-three years old, but, on account of her extremely-juvenile looks and ways, she generally passed for about seventeen, and a singular mixture of indolence and vivacity, frankness and deceit. Her one great fault was overweening vanity, which led her to sacrifice truth and all womanly feeling; but her uncle, with his sixty years wisdom, was blinded by his fatherly love, and only saw in her a lively girl that loved to travel. She possessed all of those feminine ways and girlish artifices of dress that please young men and old ladies, combined with an extensive general knowledge and deferential manner which she assumed to elderly gentlemen. She had learned the art of half revealing feelings and preferences so perfectly that every one left her side thinking that she preferred his society to any one's in the house, and that he had made this discovery without her knowledge. By those who had suffered and been thrown aside she was voted a merciless coquette; by those who were still in the web she was pronounced a wayward, fascinating girl, with great transparency of character. As usual, the truth lay midway between the two extremes. Mrs. Hunter, with her keen insight of human nature, in an hour read Cora Murray to the last page and disliked her extremely, and nothing could draw from her more than a polite indifference, with which she ever treated her. Cora Murray was piqued by this, for she had a great admiration for Mrs. Hunter, who was the only lady in the house that did not caress and flatter her. But it was in vain that she clung to her with the wayward affection of a child, asked her advice upon all subjects, and artfully displayed her accomplishments before her. She sat down at the piano one evening by the solicitation of the company to sing, and her voice alternately rose rich and full, and trembled with a soft, dying cadence through the room, as she struck the keys with a master hand. As she finished the song she quickly rose so as to face Mrs. Hunter, who was seated on a sofa at the extremity of the room absorbed in reading. Cora Murray looked at her a moment, then crossed the room, and dropping

on her knees at her feet looked up in her face and asked, "How do you like my song, Mrs. Hunter?"

"I did not hear it; I was reading."

"Reading! Why, don't you see that all of these people are entranced; do you not think I sing well?"

"I presume you do," was the reply, "but I am not fond of music."

Cora Murray's face flushed with vexation, and she sprang to her feet as a laugh came in through the open window, around which a group of gentlemen had been drawn by her singing. She raised her eyes and met those of Mr. Hunter, who was still laughing at his wife's last reply, and as he noticed Cora Murray's scarlet cheek he stepped in through the French window saying, "If Mrs. Hunter is not delighted with your singing, Miss Murray, she is the only one. And I beg of you not to punish us on her account, but allow me to lead you back to the piano."

She rested the tips of her fingers lightly in the proffered hand, and seemed to forget the momentary vexation in the full tide of song; but only seemed; for the pointed indifference of Mrs. Hunter before the crowd had struck deep, and writhing in her mortification as she crossed the room with Mr. Hunter, a new feeling possessed her, and she vowed that if Mrs. Hunter would not acknowledge her charms she should feel their power in a tender place. If she would not like her, she should at least be jealous of her; she would storm her out of that everlasting indifference at any rate. What right had she, a married woman, to be the belle of the house? If she was young and beautiful she ought to know her place better. Such like Christian thoughts passed through Cora Murray's mind as the songs rose from her lips, and not till she had sung herself composed did she stop. Then rising she slightly bowed to Mr. Hunter and left the room, turning one glance toward his wife as she glided through the door, who still sat immovable, intently reading.

From that day Cora Murray studied Mr. Hunter's tastes and peculiarities with untiring patience; she read his favorite poets and sang the songs he preferred a dozen times a day. He was her chosen escort to the springs, and in the ball-room she would dance with no one else. In the morning he was her antagonist at chess, and in the evening her companion in the promenade. But a few days elapsed before her old lovers were cursing Mr. Hunter in their hearts, and the old ladies were shaking their heads with pity for his wife. Little Cora Murray cared nothing for the gossip if only Mrs. Hunter was wounded; but she could see no change in her. The same quiet indif-

ference toward her, and no anger or resentment could she read in her earnest eye toward her husband. Cora Murray thought to try her, and went into the parlor one evening holding an exquisite bouquet against her bosom. As she walked through the room toward Mrs. Hunter, who was conversing with several gentlemen, a young girl sprang forward exclaiming, "O what beautiful flowers! Where did you get them, Miss Murray?"

"Mr. Hunter gave them to me," she replied, and stepping to Mrs. Hunter's side held the bouquet out for her inspection, adding, "Your husband has a cultivated eye for colors."

Mrs. Hunter held it a moment, then handed it back carelessly, remarking, "Yes, he excels in his selection of flowers," continued the interrupted conversation in a merry strain, and Cora Murray turned away chagrined.

The next morning as Mrs. Hunter was sitting by a table covered with books in her own room, Cora Murray entered equipped for a walk; her brown curls looped up behind her ears and a gipsy hat swinging on her arm, looking like a fresh rose-bud in her white morning-gown and little silk apron, with its coquettish pockets and flying ribbons.

"It is such a delightful morning, Mrs. Hunter, and your husband has promised to go with me to the woods beyond the spring and collect some mosses for my herbarium, and I thought I would come in and see if you would not like the walk. But I presume you have no time, for I suppose you have all of that great pile of books to read through and write a review of before dinner."

"Not quite so bad as that, I hope," replied Mrs. Hunter, as she leaned back in her arm-chair and sharpened the pencil she was noting with on the margin of her book. "I do not expect to finish more than half a dozen volumes to-day."

"I once had an idea of being literary," said Cora Murray, "and when about fifteen addressed a poem a yard or two long to Venus, that I then thought would immortalize me. But now I wonder the stars did not fall from the heavens in sheer vexation at being the instigator of such poetry. But here I am keeping Mr. Hunter waiting, while I sit at the feet of his intellectual wife." She poised herself on the toe of her daintily-fitting gaiter, tripped from the room humming a lively air.

It was high noon before they returned, and Mrs. Hunter watched them from her window as they came up the steps. Her husband carried a small basket filled with mosses, and over his face rested a strange, thoughtful smile, while Cora Murray looked flushed and excited. At dinner she saw a gem flash on Cora Murray's finger which

she had seen the day before in her husband's trunk.

Three weeks wore away and Cora Murray never relaxed in her devotion to Mr. Hunter or her watch on his wife; but the proud woman's heart was sealed, and no feeling welled up from its depth to cheek or eye. She seemed not to see the commiseration of the lady-boarders or to be aware of any thing unusual in her husband. Nor did she open her eyes to the truth, so absorbed was she in her own speculations and bewildered by the strangeness of his conduct, till one evening when they had a concert in the dining-hall, and she, weary of talk and exertion, pleaded a headache and sat apart by an open window that overlooked the grounds behind the house. For a long time she sat gazing out into the night abstractedly, seeing nothing, so busy were her thoughts with foreign things. But at last her attention was arrested by a couple at the extremity of the yard slowly walking back and forth. She could just discern that it was a lady and gentleman, and from their relative heights she conjectured it might be her husband and Cora Murray, and turning her head she saw that they were both gone from the places they occupied in different parts of the room half an hour before. She slipped out unperceived through an open door by her side, and seeking the densest part of the grove to avoid the light of the full moon, whose rays played upon the ground between the leaves, slipped from under one tree to another till she was near enough to see that her conjecture was correct. Cora Murray's hand rested upon Mr. Hunter's arm, and her brown curls were almost pressed against his shoulder, and their voices, low and soft, fell upon her ear, although she was too far away to catch the import of the words, and there was an open space to be crossed before she could conceal herself under the clump of trees where they walked. So she stood still and watched them—back and forth, back and forth, with slow steps and ceaseless, earnest words.

The music from the house stole to her ears, and the moon wandered on regardless of the sin and misery it shone upon. An hour passed; the music ceased, and the moon mounted higher in the heavens. She was chilled by standing on the damp ground, but felt it not, for the chill at her heart was colder. O, the sad hour when the young heart first feels the hollowness of life and turns sick away from false human nature, and cries out to the Infinite in its dire distress! No matter whether it be friend or lover—one reared beneath the same roof with kindred blood flowing in their veins, or one only kin of heart, it is the same bitter cup.

Mrs. Hunter followed them at a distance, as they turned toward the house and stopped near enough to hear the whispered "good-night" at the back door of the hall; and as Cora Murray went up stairs and her husband entered the parlor, she walked the length of the hall and went into the parlor by another door. One glance showed her husband in a spirited discussion with a young artist on the relative merits of two favorite painters. She passed down the entire length of the room with a disdainful step, giving only a slight smile and quiet bow to those that arose at her approach, and passed out of the door by which her husband entered and went quickly to her room, and kneeling down in the darkness by the window rested her head upon its sill. She knew not what her husband had said to Cora Murray; it might have been of love, or it might have been of philosophy; but she had seen enough during the last week, now that her eyes were opened to the truth, to destroy her faith in man.

The night waned and the gay revelers scattered. Mr. Hunter and an equally well-read and loquacious traveler were the sole occupants of the room below, while on the piazza a group of gentlemen were just beneath Mrs. Hunter's window, from which she could overlook them. But she was unmindful of every thing but the bitterness within, till her name repeated on the piazza caused her to start—she leaned partially out. "Yes," said a gentleman, leaning his chair back on two legs and placing his hands behind his head, "she can but notice it, and I think Hunter ought to be shot. I can not see how in the devil that Cora Murray has contrived to fascinate such a man."

"His wife," said another, "must be very obtuse or a very angel of patience and affection. There are but few women that would endure quietly what she has these last three weeks; and by Jove if I love to see a woman quite so tame."

"Perhaps if you were the husband," said a third, "you might prefer it, to have an innocent flirtation terminated by the rage of a jealous wife."

"Madam Hunter," interrupted a Frenchman, taking a cigar from his mouth and leaning against one of the pillars, "ish von good lady, zar; mais she no love her von husband, so she no care which way his heart go. She no jealous, for, zar, there be no jealousy without love first. I tink she no love her lord so much great deal as that petit bijou Murray do."

Mrs. Hunter had heard enough; she closed the window with a trembling hand, and although the night was sultry a shiver ran through her frame as she turned away muttering, "This, then, is married life."

The words of the Frenchman fell upon her ear as an indistinct echo from her own troubled heart. "Is it, indeed, true that I do not love my husband?" she thought. "Is this the reason I feel no anger toward Cora Murray—only a heart-sickness, a sort of despair that he could possibly be untrue to me even in thought? Ah! he has looked with greater tenderness upon Cora Murray these last few days than ever upon me; and if a man thirty-five years old, well reared, well educated, and a public advocate of all moral institutions and restrictions, will trifle with a young girl and break the vows of his espousals, where can you look for truth? Surely all of the world is as bad, and most of it worse."

The next morning, as Cora Murray entered the parlor, her eyes fell beneath the kind look of Mrs. Hunter, and her cheek flushed at the tones of her voice, for she unconsciously expressed the pity she felt for the foolish girl, who astonished her by saying that she was to leave that day. Mr. Hunter raised his eyes in surprise as she spoke, but immediately turned away, and as his eye fell upon Cora Murray's uncle, asked him why he left.

"O," replied he, "my little Cora is taken with a sudden fit of homesickness. I wished to go to Lake Superior before returning to Tennessee; but the child says she is tired out and thinks a few weeks of rest at home will restore her; and she does not look well, so I suppose I must gratify her."

Poor Cora Murray! She found she was becoming too much interested in her game, and the arrows she had pointed for Mrs. Hunter's heart were all ranking in her own.

As she closely followed her uncle to the carriage they met Mr. Hunter and his wife in the hall, and she stopped and clasped Mrs. Hunter's hand as she bade her a commonplace good-by, mentally asking her pardon, with her eyes fixed upon the floor. But as she felt a cordial kiss upon her cheek, as Mrs. Hunter said, "I am very sorry you are not well, Miss Murray, and I hope in the quiet of your own home this indisposition may soon pass away," she looked up quickly and saw that she stood unmasked before her intended victim. She turned away with a glowing face, and Mr. Hunter drew her hand upon his arm, and as he led her down the steps waved his hand to her uncle and cried out, "Go on, the air will do your niece good; I will walk with her to the depot."

Late in the autumn Mr. Hunter rented a house in New York and determined to spend a year or two there, leaving his property in the west in the hands of his agent. Mrs. Hunter neither objected nor acquiesced in the arrangement, for her husband did not consult her, but planned every

thing to suit his own fancy. But when they were established in an elegant house, surrounded with every thing palatial, she determined to act upon the resolution formed nearly a year before in her chamber at her husband's mother's. With the utmost care she took every step, and soon slipped into the large circle of the first society as a queen, and drew the crowd after her.

Peculiar in beauty, original in thought, her dress severe in simplicity but magnificent in richness, she broke upon the monotony of fashionable life, with its endless multiplication of the same men and women, as an oasis in the desert rises to the eye of the sand-bound traveler. Her drawing-room was the most thronged of any in the city, and she the most admired woman. It was an introduction into society for any family, that Mrs. John Hunter called there, and a signal for a crowded room when it was known she had accepted an invitation. She allayed all revengeful feelings in the hearts of the last winter's belles by her kind attentions; she flattered the dandy, she consoled with rheumatic old ladies, and felt each pain in the gouty toes of their husbands. She became enthusiastic with young mothers over the opening genius of each child, read with the poet, and trailed her garments in the dust of past ages with the antiquarian. Nothing seemed too high or too low for her powers or attention. Her husband had ceased to wonder at any thing she did, having come to that sage conclusion that many men have to come to in this world, "that he did not understand the woman." His mother and sisters were seized with a great affection for his wife as she rose in popularity, and ran to her house at all hours of the day, and caressed her even in public, but she placed between them and herself a barrier they could not break down. They were to her mere acquaintances, nothing more.

"Show me to Mrs. Hunter's boudoir, Thomas," said Mrs. Eldred, one of Mr. Hunter's sisters, as she called one morning in March and saw at a glance that the drawing-room was empty, as the servant threw open the door. Mrs. Hunter was alone in her private room that joined her chamber, when Mrs. Eldred broke upon her exclaiming,

"Ah! I thought I should find you engaged with books, dear Elizabeth, you are so literary. Every body is out on the avenue, and I thought I would run in and see you a few moments about Mrs. Samsell's party. What shall I wear?"

"Walk down stairs, if you please, Mrs. Eldred, you will find the drawing-room much pleasanter than this," said Mrs. Hunter, and in spite of Mrs. Eldred's exclamation that "this is the most delightful room in the house—so cozy; it would

be outrageous to take you away from your books," she was obliged to follow Mrs. Hunter, who was already half-way the length of the hall. As Mrs. Hunter passed the porter in the lower hall she said,

"Thomas, never show ladies up stairs again, but leave them in the drawing-room and let me know they are there. Remember, I wish my orders implicitly obeyed."

The man made no reply, but raised his eyes a moment to Mrs. Eldred, who closely followed his mistress. The chagrined woman, the better to conceal her vexation, plunged into the all-important subject of what to wear at the grand soiree of the next week.

"Do tell me, dear Elizabeth, you have such exquisite taste in dress. They say it will be an elegant affair, and I *must* look well."

"I am sure," Mrs. Hunter replied, "you will appear the best to consult your own taste."

"But what will you wear? Do tell me."

"I do not know—maroon velvet, perhaps."

"O you will look beautiful! I wish I knew what to get."

After half an hour's such intellectual conversation the lady took her leave. And as Mrs. Hunter was shopping the next day she saw her purchasing a maroon velvet. A mutual acquaintance stood near, and there ensued a whispered conversation, which Mrs. Hunter overheard.

"Why, Mrs. Eldred, that is elegant. For whose party are you having it?"

"Mrs. Samsell's."

"They say she is going to have a grand affair."

"Yes, so I have heard, and sister Elizabeth wished me to dress like her."

"What! Mrs. John Hunter?"

Mrs. Hunter stepped out unseen with a contemptuous smile upon her lip. But as she stood near the lady of the house the next week at the opening of the grand soiree, and heard a conversation between her and another lady of ton, an exulting, triumphant expression overspread her whole face.

"Do see Mrs. Eldred," said the lady, "what a fright she makes of herself imitating Mrs. John Hunter."

"Yes, both of his sisters look to her as to an oracle, and they say his mother consults her on every point."

"It always seemed to me that Mrs. Hunter did not like her husband's friends very well, although she treats them very kindly."

"How can she like them?" returned Mrs. Samsell; "she is so much their superior. I have often thought she had a patient, wearied air, at times, when they have fawned around her so incessantly."

"But was there not some gossip about a year ago that John Hunter had married into a low family, and that his mother was very much displeased about it?"

"Impossible!" exclaimed Mrs. Samsell; "I never heard of it. How ridiculous! One can see with half an eye that Mrs. John Hunter is high born and well bred. But see how Mrs. Eldred smiles and kisses her hand; she must have her brother's wife in sight, and I believe she was in this part of the room a short time since."

Mrs. Hunter looked at the little woman, who had at last succeeded in getting near the hostess, with a curling lip. The dark velvet ill became her light complexion, and her slight form was literally borne down with laces and jewelry. And then she turned and glanced in a mirror near by at her own regal figure, devoid of all ornament except pearls in her black hair.

It was long after midnight that Mrs. Hunter in her room threw aside her heavy dress, and shaking the combs from her head, let her luxuriant hair fall over her bare shoulders, as she was seated in a softly-cushioned chair; and holding the string of pearls she had worn that evening, called her dressing-maid to bring her jewel-box. The sleepy girl gave her a box from a bureau drawer, and as Mrs. Hunter raised the lid she started and asked snappishly, "Why did you bring me this box? No, you need not put it back; bring me the right one and then go, I do not wish you any more to-night."

After the pearls were locked away, Mrs. Hunter rested the box brought through mistake on the table by her side and tumbled out its contents. It was filled with things which had been peculiarly her own property when a child, and the day before she was married she had packed them all away in that box, and they had not been disturbed since. As she tipped them out a small sampler she had worked when a child fell out and unrolled by the side of one of her cards. On the sampler was, *Betty Mills, 12 years old*. On the card, *Mrs. Elizabeth Hunter, Broadway, No. —*. They caught her eye—Betty Mills—Elizabeth Hunter. Was the simple, truthful, uneducated maiden of three years before entirely lost in the artful, ambitious, fashionable woman, not one whit better than those whom she scorned in her heart every day of her life? She looked around the room, and in contrast with its gorgeous luxury rose the log-cabin as she saw it last through her blinding tears on her wedding-day, her mother standing in the door-way with eyes raised to heaven blessing her youngest darling. The scene called her better angel into life, and the two natures within struggled each for the mastery. A voice from the depth of her soul called her away

from the useless life she was leading to a life true to herself and the God who made her, where her example would not incite others to extravagance and vain show, but her influence be powerful in relieving the poverty-stricken and sorrow-laden. But the haughty, repelling face of Mrs. Hunter rose before, as it looked that morning when she first called her mother, and her sister-in-law's scornful laugh in the conservatory sounded in her ear. She caught up the sampler and thrust it back into the depth of the box, saying, "Low born, am I? A disgrace to your brother, a fit subject for your ridicule and neglect?" her lips were closely set and a defiant scowl contracted her brow.

And another year she followed on, or rather led the brilliant routine, which, as soon as her purpose was accomplished of triumphing over her husband's relatives, wearied and vexed her with its follies and forms. When her success was no longer doubtful, the cup that was to have been brimful of exultation was tasteless to her lips. As soon as her position was secure, and she knew what she could do by her own powers, she relaxed in her efforts and startled the fashionable world by her caprice and scorn. She had no reverence for the crowd she had so easily led; and discharged with great impatience her duties to society, breaking through its regulations as mere cobwebs; at times shutting herself up in her own house for weeks, where her mind had nothing to do but gnaw upon itself; and then she would break upon her old associates in all of her former beauty, and with redoubled wit and levity, only to be lost again for weeks to the world.

She had looked out on life with a reflective mind, and could solve none of its problems; turned her eye within only to be more perplexed, and could only find transitory quiet in following each inclination in turn, till every thing within her reach had lost its relish. With the strength of intellect she had quickly fathomed the pursuits of the mass, and found them too shallow to content her. She had no domestic happiness, for she had long since resented any tenderness from her husband toward her; for the echo of whispered tones, uttered beneath the trees of Saratoga, forbade her to trust him again. She had married without love, and having no children was shorn of woman's greatest joy. And the good she might have got from her intercourse with society, and more so from the struggles of her own nature, was lost to her.

Far different would it have been if the discontented, disappointed, restless woman had followed the voice of her higher nature and satisfied the yearnings of her soul with truth and God, rather

than have plunged into momentary excitement and administered to her revenge and vanity, which should have been plucked up by the roots. Under other circumstances she might have yearly read the hidden meaning of life and been wedded to religion—that faith in divine power, that trust in divine wisdom—which is the end of research of the wisest and the refuge of the strongest. But as it was, she had not looked behind the curtain of life's great drama, and could see no reason for all of the wrangling, folly, sorrow, and crime around her. Life seemed at times a feverish dream—the mingling of good and evil, justice and injustice, longings for immortality, and strifes for the bubbles and gewgaws of time. This wildly-heaving mass of dancing, singing, cursing, suffering beings must pass off the stage, and she awake to real life.

With such feelings Mrs. Hunter passed the summer and another winter, alternately flying from herself to society, and from society back to herself. Her husband, from regarding her with indifference, had come to fear her lofty scorn and avoid her as much as possible. He was more frequently found at club meetings, and theaters, and social gatherings without her by his side. They lived in the same house, and to the world were husband and wife, but the union was only an external one; their hearts were as far apart as though their hands had never met.

Mrs. Hunter's thoughts were abruptly turned into a new channel. One cold spring morning, as she sat by her chamber window looking into the street below—it was spring only in name, for the dark, heavy clouds hung low, and the cold wind whistled drearily—Mr. Hunter was on the opposite side of the street, and was just crossing when a span of terrified runaway horses dashed past, throwing him down in the center of the street, and sped onward with the fragments of a carriage. Mrs. Hunter only waited to see that he did not immediately rise, and was by his side in a moment. He lay upon his back, his eyes wide open, seemingly looking up into the sky; a white ring was around his mouth, and his cheeks were bloodless. As she leaned over him he looked into her eyes with an expression of the deepest tenderness, mingled with disappointment and reproach. She forgot every thing around in the love that flooded her soul from his eyes, while she withered before the keen reproach. It was but for a moment, then he turned his eyes heavenward again. He might have been thought only watching the darkening clouds were it not for a horrid wound in his chest. The hoofs of the horse had sunk deep into his breast, crushing the life out; the clothes were rent, the bones broken, and the blood trickling down his side.

As Mrs. Hunter saw it, she stood as though turned to stone, gazing in his sightless eyes, paler even than the dead man. They bore him to the house and laid him on a table in the gorgeous drawing-room, and a physician pronounced him dead—killed instantly by the first blow. Mrs. Hunter seemed bereft of thought and feeling; she did what they bade her, but moved as an automaton, quietly leaving the corpse when led away, but would return immediately and stand for hours without removing her eyes from the stiff, white face, unmindful of the wails of his mother or clamorous grief of his sisters.

It was the first time she had ever met death, and she was overwhelmed, not with terror, but with its awful power and mystery. And that last look of her husband had given the haughty woman, who thought she had thoroughly sifted those around her, a new revelation. "Fool that I was," she thought, "not to know that beneath his cold exterior there lay such love, and that with his keen, speculative intellect, he possessed a heart full of womanly tenderness. Why did I not in the sanctity of home come as a priestess fresh from the altar and win him to myself?" And she remembered with bitterness that if young and ignorant when first married, she had done no better as she grew wiser.

She turned from her husband's grave, after collecting a few mementoes of the dead, and sought rest in the west by her mother's side, forgetful that she had lost the capacity of enjoying the simplicity of her childhood, and that to her imperious nature the artless charms of country life would be unbearable, ignorant that she went to encounter new forms of discipline till she learned the lesson of life.

HOPE FULL OF IMMORTALITY.

If we would be in a fit posture for suffering, we must get a lively hope of eternal life. As our life is a sea, hope is compared to an anchor, which makes us stand steady in a storm: as our life is a warfare, hope is compared to a helmet, which covers the soul in times of danger: as the body liveth by breathing, so the soul lives by hoping. A man can not drown so long as his head is above water; hope lifts up the head, and looks up to the redemption and salvation that is to come in another world in its fullness and perfection. Hope doth three things; it assures good things to come; it disposes us for them; it waits for them unto the end: each of which will be of singular use to fit us for pious sufferings. Let us, therefore, labor after a waiting hope, that we may patiently bear the cross.

WOMEN ARTISTS IN MODERN TIMES.*

EDITORIAL.

ABOUT the middle of the sixteenth century appeared the six wonderful sisters Anguisciola. Sofonisba, the most distinguished of them, exhibited a remarkable precociousness. At ten she was able to draw with good effect. One of her early sketches, representing a boy with his hand caught in a lobster's claw, and a little girl laughing at his plight, was in the possession of Vasari, and esteemed by him worthy of a place in a volume which he had filled with drawings by the most famous masters of that great age. Portraits became her favorite study. Vasari commends a picture he saw at her father's representing three of the sisters and an ancient housekeeper chess-playing as a work "painted with so much skill and care that the figures wanted only voice to be alive."

Her royal patrons wished her to marry a Spanish nobleman and take up her permanent abode near their court; but her hand was already pledged to the feudal lord of Sicily, Don Fabrizio de Moncada, and he bore her away to his island home. The king and queen gave her a dowry of twelve thousand crowns and a pension of one thousand, which she had power to bequeath to her sons, besides rich presents in tapestry and jewels, and a dress loaded with pearls. The newly-wedded pair went to Palermo, where after a few years the husband died. Sofonisba was immediately invited back to the court of Madrid, but expressed a desire to see Cremona and her kindred before her return to Spain. She embarked on board a Genoese galley, commanded by a patrician called Orazio Lomellini. He entertained the fair widow with gallant courtesy during the voyage, and she appeared to have been not inconsolable for the loss of her husband.

We now find her living at Genoa, where she pursued her art with indefatigable zeal. Her house became the resort of all the polished and intellectual society of the republic. Nor was she forgotten by her royal friends of the house of Austria. On hearing of her second nuptials, their Catholic majesties added four hundred crowns to her pension. Thus caressed by royalty, and courted in Genoese society, she lived to an extreme old age. In her later years Sofonisba was deprived of her sight, but retained her intellectual faculties, her love of art, and her relish for the society of its professors. The conferences she held in her own palace were at-

* Women Artists in all Ages and Countries. By Mrs. Ellet. New York: Harper & Brothers.

tended to the last by distinguished painters from every quarter. Vandyck was frequently her guest, and was accustomed to say he had received more enlightenment from this blind old woman than from all his studies of the greatest masters. This was no mean praise from the favorite scholar of Rubens, and who shall say it was not deserved? By precept and by example she helped to raise art in Genoa from the decay into which it had fallen in the middle of the sixteenth century. Her pictures have something of the grace and cheerfulness of Raphael, in whose style her first master painted, and something of the relief of the followers of Correggio. "More than any other woman of her time," writes Vasari, "with more study and greater grace, she has labored on every thing connected with drawing; not only has she drawn, colored, and painted from life and made excellent copies, but she has also drawn many beautiful original pictures."

Sofonisba instructed her four younger sisters in painting. While yet in her girlhood she attracted the notice of princes. She accompanied her father to Milan, at that time subject to Spanish rule. There she was received at court with welcome, and painted the portrait of the Duke of Sessa, the viceroy, who rewarded her with four pieces of brocade and other rich gifts. By 1559 her name had become famous throughout Italy. The haughty monarch of Spain, Philip II, who aspired to the title of patron of the arts, heard the echo of her renown, and sent instructions to the Duke of Alba, then at Rome, to invite her to the court of Madrid. The invitation was accepted. Sofonisba was conducted to the Spanish court with regal pomp, having a train of two patrician ladies as maids of honor, two chamberlains, and six livery servants. Philip and his queen came out to meet her, and she was sumptuously entertained in the palace. After a time given to repose, she painted the king's portrait, which so pleased him that he rewarded her with a diamond worth fifteen hundred crowns and a pension of two hundred. Her next sitters were the young queen, Elizabeth of Valois—known as Isabel of the peace—then in the bloom of her bridal loveliness, and the unhappy boy Don Carlos, who was taken dressed in a lynx skin and other costly raiment. One after another she painted the flower of the Spanish nobility. Meanwhile she received high honors and profitable employments from her royal patrons.

Her extended fame induced Pope Pius IV to ask her for a portrait of the queen. She executed the commission with alacrity, and, having bestowed her best care on a second portrait of her majesty, she dispatched it to Rome with a

letter to be presented to his holiness. "If it were possible," she says, "to represent to your holiness the beauty of this queen's soul, you could behold nothing more wonderful." The Pope responded with precious stones and relics set in gems; gifts worthy of the great abilities of the artist. In portraits her skill is said to have been little inferior to Titian.

Among the distinguished women painters of this period may be mentioned Sofonisba Gentilesca, "a lady illustrious in the art," Maria Angela Criscuolo, who "surpassed all her contemporaries both in music and painting," Cecilia Brusasorci, daughter of the great fresco painter, who was "celebrated for her portraits," and Caterina di Pazzi, who assumed the name of Maria Madalena on becoming a nun, and of whom tradition preserves the story that she painted sacred pictures with her eyes closed. She was canonized by Pope Clement IX, and at this day a picture in one of the richest churches in Florence bears the name of the saintly artist, whose body reposes in a magnificent chapel under the same roof.

During this period also appeared Catherine Schwartz, "the German Raphael," and Eva von Iberg, of Switzerland, who "transferred to canvas the beauties of her country's scenery;" in Holland, Constantia von Utrecht as a flower-painter; one who first acquired distinction in this delicate and feminine branch of study, and directed to it the attention of her country-women. In later times the city where she lived and wrought became the capital of the world in this species of painting. Others were distinguished and received royal honors for their skill as engravers. Such were Catarina Cantoni, honored by the court of Spain for her skill, and Ludovico Pellegrini, renowned as the "second Minerva" for her excellence in this branch of art, and Barbara Van den Broeck, the celebrated daughter of Crispin, who "handled the graver with astonishing skill." In embroidery the female artists of this period have, perhaps, never been surpassed. Many of them produced with the needle those beautiful pictures which the finest artists could scarcely produce with the pencil.

One of the most celebrated women artists of the seventeenth century was Lavinia Fontana. She was the daughter of that Prospero Fontana who gave lessons in painting to Ludovico Caracci, and was wont much to disparage him. He once remarked that his scholar would do better at mixing colors than as a painter! But Caracci had his revenge in after years, when Fontana was heard to lament that he was too old to become the pupil of the great artist who had once been his own despised scholar! The instruction

he could not receive was the privilege of his daughter Lavinia.

She adopted her father's manner, and gained great celebrity in portrait painting; but, in later years, became the disciple of Caracci, after which she succeeded in giving her pictures so much softness, sweetness, and tenderness, that some of them have even been compared to those of Guido Reni. To delicacy of touch she united rare skill in taking likenesses. Her talents met with appreciation and honors not often accorded to female merit. The first ladies in Rome sought to become her sitters, and the greatest cardinals deemed themselves fortunate in having their portraits executed by her skillful hand. Her portraits were so highly esteemed that they commanded enormous prices, and were displayed with pride in the galleries of the nobility and the most cultivated persons in the land. Her services were engaged by Pope Gregory XIII as his painter in ordinary. Other crowned heads sought her society, and the most wondrous grace of all was that these honors did not create in her vanity or self-conceit. To her accomplishments she added such personal attractions that her hand was sought by many distinguished and titled suitors; but she preferred to them all a young man unknown to fame, Giovanni Paolo Zappi, of Imola. Some authorities speak of him as a wealthy nobleman. He had painted in her father's studio for love of the charming daughter, and had been accustomed to paint the clothes in her portraits so well that she had made concerning him the not very flattering observation, that "he was worth more as a tailor than a painter." He was rewarded by marrying her, the condition being exacted that Lavinia should remain free to follow her professional career.

Lavinia lived at the close of what was peculiarly the period of Christian art, and it seems just to place her among the artists who labored while the Christian ideal, in all its splendor, was yet above the horizon. On this period Raphael and Michael Angelo had set their seal, and the Christian ideal was exhausted in the Transfiguration, and the frescoes of the Sistine Chapel; they could not be surpassed. One of Lavinia's works—the Nativity of the Virgin, at night-time—is still exhibited in her native city. The infant Mary is surrounded by a cloud of angels, and a saint is pointing to two children below. A figure in magnificent bishop's robes, on the other side, is in the act of sprinkling holy water on two beautiful kneeling girls. This picture, Bolognini asserts, alone justifies the artist's fame. In the Escorial at Madrid is a piece by her, representing a Madonna uplifting a veil to view her sleeping child, who reposes on richly-embroidered cush-

ions; St. Joseph and St. John stand near; "A picture," says Mazzolari, "so vivid, so gay and graceful, and of such glorious coloring, so full of beauty, that one is never weary of admiring it." A picture which has especially contributed to her artistic fame represents the Queen of Sheba in the presence of Solomon; but it has also an allegorical reference to the Duke and Duchess of Mantua, and various personages of their court. Lanzi considers this production worthy of the Venetian school. Another represents a royal infant playing on a bed, wrapped in blankets, and adorned with a splendid necklace. A "Judith, seen by torch-light," is in the possession of the Della Casa family. A Virgin and Child, which she painted for Cardinal Ascoli, and sent to Rome, has been thought her best production, and brought her so much fame, that, a large painting being required for a church, the commission was intrusted to Lavinia in preference to many first-class artists, who sought it.

Her *chef d'œuvre* is said to be her own portrait, taken when she was young and surpassingly beautiful. It is now in the possession of Count Zappi, at Imola, and has been engraved by Rossini, for his history of Italian painting. The portrait is painted in an oval; in the background, ranged on a shelf, are models in clay of busts, heads, trunks, hands, and feet. The artist is seated at a table, on which are two casts of Greek statues; she is in the act of commencing a drawing, and is dressed with elegant simplicity, her mantle flowing in clear and ample folds. Under the ruff encircling her neck hangs a pearl necklace, to which is attached a golden crucifix. She wears a Mary Stuart head-dress, and the head is colored with wonderful delicacy and transparency. The work unites correctness of drawing with incomparable grace. England possesses three paintings by Lavinia Fontana.

This famous artist had three children, and was unhappy in them. Her only daughter lost the sight of one eye by running a pin into it, and one of her boys was half-witted, and served to amuse loungers in the Pope's antechamber. She died at Rome in 1614, in the sixty-third year of her age.

A place among the most gifted and the most illustrious women who, in any country or in any age, have devoted themselves to the fine arts, must be accorded to Elisabetta Sirani. She has been pronounced a complete artist; unrivaled by any of her sex in fertility of invention, in the power of combining parts in a noble whole, in knowledge of drawing and foreshortening, and in the minute details that contribute to the perfection of a painting. Had she lived longer, she would have equaled any painter of her time.

She was born in Bologna about 1640, and was the daughter of a painter of no inconsiderable merit. She was enrolled among the pupils of Guido Reni, and her artistic character was formed after the model of this most gifted and most versatile master of the Bolognese school. She imbibed from him an exquisite sense of the beautiful, and a peculiar gift of reproducing it. To this she added a vigor and energy rare in a woman. She made herself acquainted early with the works of the most distinguished painters, and manifested so much talent in youth that she became the admiration of her acquaintances, particularly as she excelled also in music; while, to the gift of genius, she added that of rare personal loveliness. Lanzi speaks of her with enthusiastic admiration. It is not often that an artist of celebrity so generally wins the affections of those who know her. This popularity perhaps added to her renown; or the tragical fate of the blooming girl may have contributed to invest her name with a halo of romantic glory.

Her devoted filial affection, her feminine grace, and the artless benignity of her manners, completed a character regarded by her friends as an ideal of perfection. Malvasia mentions the rapidity with which she worked, often throwing off sketches and executing oil pictures in the presence of strange spectators. The envious artists of her time took occasion, from the number of her paintings, to insinuate that her father gave out his own work for his daughter's to obtain a higher price for them; but the stupid calumny soon fell to the ground, for every one had free access to the studio of Elisabetta, and one day, in the presence of the Duchess of Brunswick, the Duchess of Mirandola, Cosimo, Duke of Tuscany, and others, she drew and shaded subjects chosen by each with such promptitude that the incredulous were confounded. She had hardly received the commission of her large picture—"The Baptism of Jesus"—before she had sketched on the canvas the entire conception of that memorable incident, including many and various figures; and the work was completed with equal rapidity. She was then only twenty years of age.

This fascinating artist, in the light of her fame, in the flush of early womanhood, was snatched from her friends by a cruel and mysterious doom. Her fate is involved in a darkness which has not been penetrated to this day. Some do not hesitate to aver that her sudden death was a base and cruel murder; that she was poisoned by the same hands that administered the deadly draught to Domenichino—those of Ribiera or his disciples, jealous of her rising fame. The general impression is that she was the victim of

professional envy. Some averred that her death was caused by the revenge of a princely lover, whose dishonorable advances were repelled, or some great personage who was incensed at her refusal to engage in his service, or of a distinguished individual who felt aggrieved by a caricature, and secretly employed a servant to put poison in her food. Each story was beliered among her cotemporaries, and the record of the examination is yet extant; but it was conducted without regularity, and throws no light upon the mysterious assassination.

Great was the excitement on the 14th November, 1665, in Bologna, on the day of her funeral, when the whole population crowded, weeping, to see the once beautiful features distorted by the hateful poison. The victim of revenge or jealousy was honored with solemn and splendid funeral ceremonies in the church of St. Domenico.

Elisabetta lies at rest in the chapel of the Madonna del Rosario in the church of St. Domenico, which also incloses the dust of her great master, Guido Reni. The works enumerated as hers by Malvasia, from her own register, were one hundred and fifty pictures and portraits, some of them large and carefully finished. Her first public work was executed in 1655. Her composition was elegant and tasteful; her designing correct and firm; and the freshness and suavity of her color, especially in demi-tints, reminded one of Guido. The air of her heads was graceful and noble, and she was peculiarly successful in the expressive character of her Madonnas and Magdalens. Among her finest pictures are mentioned a Francesco di Padoua kneeling before the infant Christ, a Virgin and St. Anna contemplating the sleeping Savior, and others, preserved in several palaces in Bologna. Her portrait of herself was taken in the act of painting her father. Another portrait of her is in the person of a saint looking up to heaven. Among her paintings on copper, which are exquisitely delicate, is a Lot with his children, now in the possession of a family in Bologna. She produced etchings of the beheading of John the Baptist, the Death of Lucretia, and several master-pieces; all distinguished by delicacy of touch and by ease and spirit in the execution. Her painting, "Amor Divino," represents a lovely child, nude, seated on a red cloth, holding in its left hand a laurel crown and scepter, while with the right it points to a quiver and some books lying at its feet. Bolognini says: "It is impossible to conceive any thing more beautiful in form or more exquisite in finish than this lovely child."

Like Guido's, the influence of Elisabetta Sirani on the progress of art in Bologna was ex-

hibited in the number of scholars who sought instruction from her, or studied her paintings to ground themselves in her system. So illustrious an example as she presented must naturally have contributed greatly to the encouragement and development of female talent, and many were the women whom her success, in a greater or less degree, stimulated to exertion.

In the Neapolitan school of art planted by Michael Angelo da Caravaggio, we find one female artist of surpassing merit, who, on account of her genius and her tragical fate, was called the Sirani of the school of Naples. This was Aniella di Rosa, niece of the painter Paccetto di Rosa, and pupil of that Massimo Stanzioni who, in common with Caravaggio, exercised a species of tyranny over the struggles of Neapolitan art, and was one of the leaders of the opposition set up against the artists from Bologna. Aniella painted in his atelier, and he directed her studies with paternal solicitude. She succeeded in giving to her pictures the grace, the soft and transparent coloring of Paccetto, and united in her heads the elegance of her uncle's style with the correct drawing and able grouping of Stanzioni. Her master set her to color his sketches, and she succeeded so well that he often sold their joint productions as his own. When her education was sufficiently advanced, she desired that her talents should be put to a public test; and her master induced the governors of the church of the Pietà dei Turchini to give her a commission for two paintings which were to adorn the ceiling.

Aniella produced two paintings so excellent that many declared they were completed by Stanzioni. But Domenici says he has seen several of her original pictures, and that they are "most beautiful productions." "Her master himself," he continues, "avows in his writings that she equals the best masters of our time." One of the pictures represented the Birth of the Virgin; the other, her Death. The figures are larger than life; and the boldness of design, the effects of light and shade, and the management of the drapery, drew praise from two eminent artists, who said she was an honor to her country, and that many artists might learn from her. She also did several heads of the Madonna in red chalk, pronounced equal in drawing to the works of the most renowned artists.

During the earliest days when Aniella frequented Stanzioni's studio, she became acquainted with Agostino Beltramo, a high-spirited Neapolitan youth. He soon became enamored of the beautiful girl, and his frank manners and noble bearing, with the promise his early efforts gave of his becoming a good artist, were a pas-

port to her heart. His love was accepted, and they were betrothed. Stanzioni exerted himself in their behalf, and through his good offices the consent of the parents for the marriage of the young people was obtained. A rare similarity of tastes, and their mutual labors in art, caused all to admire and many to envy the happiness of their union. The serenity of Aniella's disposition tended to insure the peace of their daily life; and during sixteen years which they passed together both acquired no insignificant artistic fame. The husband excelled in frescoes; the lady in oil-paintings. The superb painting of San Biagio, in the church of the Sanita, in Naples, is the result of their mutual labors.

But the cloud was brooding over the happy home which was to burst in a fatal storm. An evil-minded woman, young and beautiful, entered the house of Aniella as a servant. She was in love with Agostino; and, finding all her charms and artifices ineffectual to move him from his fidelity to his noble wife, or even to win his attention, she set herself to work to accomplish the ruin of this domestic happiness. She contrived to insinuate herself into the confidence of the man she could not tempt; and then, drop by drop, with the perfidy and subtle cunning of Iago, she succeeded in instilling into his heart the poison of jealousy. By degrees she undermined his faith in the spotless virtue of Aniella. The husband grew morose and irritable, and at times manifested the change that had come over him by sudden outbursts of ill-humor. Vainly Aniella strove, by unremitting patience and redoubled affection, to soothe his wayward moods. She soon perceived that all her happiness must be derived from her art, and from the approbation of her old master, who frequently visited her. She painted in her best manner a Holy Family, and presented it to him. "On seeing," writes Domenici, "with what mastery of drawing and perfection of coloring Aniella had completed the painting, and because she had so toiled for him, he was overcome with feeling, and, in a transport of affection, clasped her in his arms, exclaiming that she was his best pupil, and that, had he been asked to retouch the painting, he should not know where to begin, for fear of destroying the beautiful coloring."

The infamous servant was playing the spy throughout this scene, and had called up a servant lad to support her testimony. On Stanzioni's departure Agostino returned. "Now," cried this hearth-stone serpent, "now I have proofs to set all doubts at rest—proofs I will furnish you with in the presence of your wife." Confronted with her mistress, the vile hireling charged her with guilty embraces, and called the servant lad to

confirm the charge. Aniella, astounded and indignant, disdained to defend herself, but stood before her husband mute and motionless, while a flush of pain and indignation mantled on her brow. Her silence confirmed Agostino's suspicions; in his frenzy he drew his sword, and the next moment Aniella lay dead at his feet. Thus closed the career of this noble artist, in 1649, in the thirty-sixth year of her age. She was not the only victim to the taste for the horrible and for wild extremes of passion then prevailing in the works of artists, and too common in their personal experience.

We have given two illustrious examples from the Italian schools. The Dutch school of this period also furnishes an example equally illustrious in the person and fame of Anna Maria Schurmann. The Dutch poets delight to call her their Sappho and their Corneille. She was born of Flemish parents in Cologne, 1607. Even in early childhood the genius of the young girl displayed its bent. At three years of age she began to read, and at seven could speak Latin. Her mother tried to keep her at the needle, but she loved to amuse herself by cutting out paper pictures; she also painted flowers and birds—untaught. A few years later her taste for poetry and learning languages developed itself. Learning was her passion; the arts her recreation. being allowed to be present at her brothers' Latin lessons, she soon gained surprising proficiency in that tongue. When she was ten years old she translated passages from Seneca into French and Flemish. Her love of study soon led to the acquisition of the Greek. To the classics she added, before long, a knowledge of the oriental languages. She spoke and wrote the Hebrew, Samaritan, Arabic, Chaldaic, Syriac, Ethiopian, Turkish, and Persian; besides being perfectly well acquainted with the Italian, Spanish, French, English, and German, and speaking every European tongue with elegance.

At the age of eleven this Flemish girl had read the Bible, Seneca, Virgil, Homer, and Æschylus in the original tongues; at fourteen she composed a Latin ode to the famous Dutch poet Jacob Cats, who became afterward an unsuccessful suitor for her hand. She wrote verses, indeed, in many languages. The knowledge of different tongues greatly aided her theological studies, in which she took the deepest interest from early life. It is said that it was by reading the History of the Martyrs she became imbued with the tendency to religious enthusiasm that so strongly influenced her through life, and led to so strange a career in her latter years.

The astonishing learning of this remarkable woman and her mastery in the languages, caused

her opinions to be often consulted by the most erudite scholars of her time. Her judgment was always received with respect; an honorable place was reserved for her in the lecture-rooms of the University of Utrecht; and not unfrequently she took part openly in the learned discussions there carried on. The professors of the University of Leyden had a tribune made, where she could hear without mixing with the audience. With this wonderful erudition Anna Maria combined a rare degree of cultivation in art. The genius that had shown itself in paper-cutting still gave evidence of strong and resolute activity. She was skilled both in drawing and painting, had a "happy taste in sculpture," and exercised her talents in carving in wood and ivory, as well as modeling in wax. She carved the busts of her mother and brothers in wood. The painter Honthorst valued a single portrait executed by her at a thousand Dutch florins. In addition, she has left evidence of her no slight accomplishments in copper engraving; and she engraved with the diamond on crystal. Taste in music, and skill in playing on several instruments, fill up the list of the amazing variety of the endowments bestowed on one of the most gifted of her sex.

In 1664 she made a journey to Germany in company with her brother, and there first became acquainted with Labadie, the celebrated French enthusiast and preacher of new doctrines. He believed that the supreme Being would deceive man for the purpose of doing good. He taught that new revelations were continually made by the Holy Spirit to the human soul; that the Bible was not a necessary guide; that observance of the Sabbath was not imperative; that a contemplative life tended to perfection in the character; and that such a state could be attained by self-denial, self-mortification, and prayer. This man was possessed of singular intellectual powers and fascinating eloquence. He succeeded in gaining many followers, and the mind of Anna Maria, deep and serious to melancholy, and now clouded by grief for the loss of her father and brothers, too readily gave credence to his pretensions.

Abandoning both literature and art, she devoted herself, with all the ardor of her woman's nature, to the study of Labadie's theological views and to the promotion of his work. In a work published in his defense, the last she ever published, she deplores her early devotion to literature and art. After the death of Labadie she became the principal disseminator of his views; she assumed the leadership of his band, collected his scattered disciples and conducted them to Vivert in Friesland. She brought over Elizabeth—Princess Palatine—to these doctrines, and together they opened an asylum for the wander-

ing disciples. True to the doctrines she professed, Anna Maria bestowed all her goods to feed the poor, and sank to the grave in poverty, dying in May, 1678, at the age of seventy-one.

It would be impossible in a brief paper to give the slightest sketch, or even an enumeration of the distinguished women artists that now graced the various schools of art. The two schools of Bologna and Naples may be said to embrace the greater number of the prominent productions of the pencil in Italy during the period of which we have spoken. Other cities enjoyed their peculiar distinctions as the seats of different schools of art, but they exhibited more or less the influence of these chief ones. In Florence—the ancient home of Italian painting—artists of distinction exercised their skill; and the superior cultivation and taste diffused under the auspices of distinguished Tuscan ladies contributed, in no small measure, to the encouragement of female enterprise.

Rome, meanwhile, maintained her ancient fame. The city of the Cæsars had often been the arena where the striving masters of the Bolognese and the opposing schools contended for the establishment of the supremacy they coveted. Nor was she wanting in women artists of her own, able to do credit to their birthplace. In fact, more than two hundred female artists, during this and the succeeding century, attained distinguished honor; their names are permanently enrolled upon the records of fame, and their labors connected with the progress of art.

During the first half of the eighteenth century, the order of things differed not essentially from the close of the seventeenth; in fact, the same influences predominated, both in literature and art. Women then became not only creators in the realm of fancy and imagination, but exercised a controlling influence, by their relations of friendship and intimacy with distinguished literary characters. Meta arose beside her Klopstock; Herder sought inspiration from his bride; by Wieland stood Sophie Delaroche; Schiller was aided by Caroline Wolzogen and Madame von Kalb; Goethe by Madame von Stein.

But none of the women artists of this time can be compared in point of genius or celebrity to the one of whom we are now to speak—one of the loveliest, most gifted, and most estimable of all the women who have secured immortal fame by the labors of the pencil. We refer to Angelica Kauffmann.

A sketch of this celebrated artist will be the subject of another paper

DESPAIR, and you must fall; trust, and you will struggle, despite of pain or occasional relapses.

WORSHIP.

BY GEORGE LANSING TAYLOR.

O NOT alone where organ anthems roll
Through arches grouped, 'neath dim cathedral domes,
By massy pillars propped, where tinted glass
Sheds soft, religious twilight o'er the tombs
Of statesmen, heroes, sages, and divines,
Whose hewn sarcophagi, in solemn gloom,
Add awe to architecture's mystic power,
And things unanalyzed by minds unskilled
In nice discrimination, weave a spell
That seems almost devotion, almost joy—
Not here, alone, is worship. God has reared
A temple, vast as all the bending cope,
Uppillared by the splintery granite peaks,
And giant shoulders of the cloud-wrapt hills;
And infinite above it springs a dome
Of crystal azure, gloriously inwrought
In white-cloud angels, with broad, glittering wings,
And paved in grand mosaics, green and gold,
With silver tracery of the winding streams;
Galleried and colonnaded with thick ranks
Of woody columns, wrought in nature's lathe,
And for its choir and organ, woods and winds,
Thunders, and ocean's deep, unceasing hymn.
Here let me worship, where the prairie sea
Heaves its green bosom to the summer sun,
And loneliness and heaven close round the soul;
Or where the spirit of the autumn wind
Mourns sweetly sad, through all the solemn aisles,
And sounding arcades of the fading woods;
Or where wild orange-groves, by tropic seas,
Breathe soft aroma on voluptuous gales,
Round nameless ruins, old when Greece was young;
Or where the cold, gray clouds float chill and thin,
Shrouding untracked, inhospitable wastes
Of glittering vastness, silence, ice, and death;
Or where, 'round some lone speck of ocean isle,
Pacific billows, lulled at sunset, pour
Perpetual whispers of the slumbrous sea.
O longs my heart to worship 'mid such scenes,
For if, by the Creator's humbler works,
My soul is held with such mysterious awe,
And feels the presence of the Infinite
Gathering around her, like an atmosphere,
And by such weight of rapture lies opprest,
Pained with such burdening ecstasy of bliss,
As leaves me strengthless as a very child,
All utterance powerless, every channel choked,
No waste-duct left, but passiveness and tears,
To drain the ocean joy, and save the shore,
This frail earth-barrier, that confines the soul,
From yielding to the mighty press within,
And pouring the freed spirit back to God—
O, if thus thrilled at Nature's common shrines;
If by the things I daily see, thus moved
With sense of the great Father's power and love,
Methinks, communing at those higher altars
Where infinite and finite join so near,
My soul might quite break through her narrow bounds,
Spring, rapture-nerved, toward heaven, her father-
land,
And bend in love's profoundest awe serene,
Hard by the mount that props the "great white throne."

O, God! how oft I bless thee for this spring
Of joy unfailling, poured through all my soul!
Bid it flow on in widening, deepening stream,
A sacred fount of blessedness and power,
Until, expanding to a shoreless sea,
It fills my being all with joy and light,
A constant baptism of thy mighty Spirit,
Abiding on my spirit evermore.

TO A WILLOW.

BY NANNIE CUNNINGHAM.

Wave, willow, wave
Above the sunken grave,
Where sleeps forgotten one whose fragile form
Trembled and sank beneath her life's wild storm.

Wave, willow, wave
Above the spot—the broken-hearted's grave.

Weep, willow, weep,
Nor one bright dew-drop keep;
But weep them all upon the narrow bed
Where resteth now the once wild throbbing head.

Weep, sadly weep,
Tears should embalm her ashes while they sleep.

Wail, willow, wail
When winds thy branches trail
Along the ground. Wail for her young heart
crushed,

And its rich music by a demon hushed.

Wail, loudly wail,
And to the passer-by tell her sad tale.

Yes, wave, and weep, and sigh, and wail,
Yet thou canst not tell half the tale
Of deep, dark woe and wild despair
Of her who sleeps forgotten there.
Thou canst not weep as she hath wept,
When nights of vigilance she kept;
Thou canst not sigh as she hath sighed,
Since she became a drunkard's bride;
Thou canst not wail as she hath wailed
When by the sorrow-storm assailed.
Yet wave, and weep, and sigh, and wail,
And tell, the best thou canst, her tale.

HOPE ON.

BY PHEBE-BIRD.

Lo the flowers are dead and buried,
And the trees are stark and cold,
And the winds are only dirges
Shrieked instead of tolled;
Yet hope on!

E'en the clouds are dark and lowering,
And they huddle in the sky,
Crowding close, in shrinking masses,
As the chilly winds go by;
Yet hope on!

For the flowers, though dead and buried,
Shall arise in robes of light,
Crowned with new-born grace and beauty,
In fresh brilliancy bright;
Then hope on!

And the trees, not dead but sleeping,
Shall put on their youth again;
Shall lift up their well-clothed branches
In the sunshine and the rain;
Then hope on!

And the clouds, now dark and lowering,
Shall, when flowers are reborn,
And when trees adorn the landscape,
Redden in the early morn,
And escaped from cold and darkness,
Free and joyous in the day,
Cast their old rejected shadows
Down upon the fields in play;
Hope, hope on!

"ASLEEP IN JESUS, O HOW SWEET!"*

BY PAMELIA S. VINING.

Gone in thy early bloom,
Gone to the silent tomb,
Ere the sweet blossoms from thy path had faded;
Ere the rich summer sheen
Of hill and valley green
Pale Autumn's breath with mournful hues had shaded!

Yet it was well for thee,
O'er-wearied one, to be
Thus early called to thy serene repose;
Called to those calmer skies
Where no dark storms arise,
Nor gloomy shadows tell of coming woes.

O, it were wrong to mourn,
That, never to return,
Thy weary feet have crossed "the silent river;"
That earth's brief ills are passed,
And thou, "at home" at last,
Art resting with thy Lord in peace forever:

For, with the songs of heaven
To thy last lisps given,
With halleluiahs, thou didst pass away;
And glory from the skies
Lit up thy dying eyes
With the rich promise of the dawning day.

And well we knew that light
From heaven's serenest light
Was bursting on thy clear, enraptured eye;
That on thy dying ear
Music we might not hear
Was sweetly breathed by minstrels from the sky.

Thank God! the strife is o'er;
Thank God! thy breast no more
Will feel the pang of earthly pain and ill;
The fount of tears is sealed,
The spirit wounds are healed,
The poor heart's anguish-throbs at last are still!

On thy loved Savior's breast,
Immortal spirit, rest!
Earth will guard tenderly the weary clay
Till the reunion hour,
When Death shall lose his power,
And angel-anthems hail thy rising day.

* Dying words of Fidelia, daughter of Edward Smith, Esq., who died in Liberty, Jackson county, Michigan, Aug. 3, 1859.

JESUIT MISSIONS IN PARAGUAY.

BY REV. D. D. LORE.

(CONCLUDED.)

THE Jesuit establishments, which we introduced to the notice of the reader at the close of our article last month, were conducted on the principle of a community of goods. All worked for the common benefit, with the exception of a small portion of time granted for family purposes. The produce of all their labor was placed under the sole control of the Jesuits. On the farms large quantities of grain, cotton, sugar, tobacco, wax, honey, etc., were produced, which were advantageous articles for traffic. The priests directed every thing in the way of sale and purchase; indeed, every branch of industry was under their immediate inspection. Some of the most intelligent Spaniards have estimated that the Jesuits of South America transmitted to their superiors in Europe an annual average of £900,000! But we think this must be an exaggerated estimate.

The police of these communities was of the strictest character. All the inhabitants were required to be at home at a certain hour every evening, after which the regular watch was set and relieved at proper intervals. Each town kept on foot a body of infantry and another of cavalry. A party of horse was always engaged in scouring the country, and all the defiles by which strangers could penetrate it were well guarded. The strictest precaution was used to prevent any communication with the exterior world, except through the medium of the priests.

Daily life in these settlements was regulated with military precision. Every hour was definitely and unalterably appropriated to toil or rest, to prayer or recreation. With military step and martial music they marched to and from the fields, and passed from one employment to another, with all the order of soldiers changing guard. The attendance at Church service was imperative. All the little formalities of the imposing Popish ceremonies were performed with the accuracy of a drill. Baptisms were celebrated in the afternoon, and marriages only on feast-days.

For civil government, Dean Funes says they had no penal laws, only a few simple precepts, the violations of which were punished by fasts, prayers, imprisonment, and sometimes whipping, which was the highest degree of punishment. In imitation of the primitive Church public penitence was introduced. An Indian detected in a fault of consequence was clothed with the penitent's dress, conducted to the temple where he made his confession, and then led into the public square and whipped.

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We have written sufficient to give a tolerably correct idea of the internal management of these mission establishments. Christian missions, in the proper sense of that phrase, they certainly were not. But however the Jesuits may have used their influence and privileges for personal aggrandizement, it can not be denied that, if they did not Christianize, they civilized and instructed to a considerable degree a very large number of the aboriginals of that country. This alone, to reduce to order, incorporate into a society, call forth so much industry, and instruct in the ordinary branches of education and the arts of civilized life, so many thousands of the savage, idle, wandering hordes of the desert, and in so short a time, was an accomplishment worthy to challenge the attention of the world.

At the height of their prosperity, when the fathers had thousands of hands in their employment, an army well equipped under their command, and an overflowing treasury, the storm of opposition broke upon them. The jealousies that had long been smoldering found vent, and flamed in accusations of all descriptions—they were accused of defrauding the crown of its revenues; of enriching themselves by oppressing their subjects; of setting at defiance the civil authority of the country; of teaching false doctrines for the purpose of promoting selfish ends, etc.; many of which things were undoubtedly true, but, as undoubtedly, greatly exaggerated.

The first organized opposition to the Jesuits originated in the bosom of the Church. In 1643 the Bishop of Asuncion, jealous of their successes and influence, planned the total subversion of the missions. He placed himself at the head of a military force to attack them by fire and sword. The Governor interposed his authority and prevented the collision. Upon the death of the Governor the Bishop had himself proclaimed Governor and Captain-General of the Province. And true to his grudge, one of his first measures was the forcible expulsion of the Jesuits from their college in Asuncion, marked with every circumstance of disgrace. They appealed to the supreme civil authority, and were reinstated and the Bishop deprived of his civil rule.

Quiet being restored, the Jesuits continued to prosecute their enterprises with growing success, extending their territories and multiplying the number of their converts. In 1715 they report thirty towns and a population of 117,488 souls. The fathers had managed thus far to maintain a tolerably good understanding with the civil government, their difficulties were found in the Church—so boastful of unity and harmony. In 1724 they furnished an army of their Indians to assist the King's troops in expelling a

usurper who had seized upon the government of Paraguay, when being defeated they were again expelled from Asuncion. Order, however, soon triumphed, and they were again restored. In 1732, during another season of tumult and insurrection, they were expelled for the third time from their college and the city of Asuncion. Lawlessness continued till 1735, when, principally by the power of the neophytes, order was again restored and, as a consequence, the Jesuits reinstated. Up to this period, so far as history has made any record of their transactions, the Jesuits were found upon the side of royal authority. With but little interruption they continued to prosecute their labors and form new establishments among the various Indian tribes till 1750, when, by a convention between Spain and Portugal, fixing a boundary line between their possessions, seven mission establishments on the Uruguay were ceded to Portugal. This produced great dissatisfaction, and the missions ceded roge in arms, headed by the Jesuits, against both Spain and Portugal, and when defeated they destroyed their towns and property, and fled into the wilderness, in 1759, just one hundred years ago. The ultimate consequence was that the treaty was annulled in 1761, and the old limits restored; but the prosperity of the missions and the power of the Jesuits were gone beyond recovery.

It is difficult to determine, from the records left us, the precise condition of the missions at the time of the treaty, 1750. The Jesuits were accused of rendering false returns of the population and wealth of their communities, in order to diminish their tribute. The historian Funes, himself a priest, and an apologist for the Jesuits, puts down the population in 1730 at 133,117 souls. In 1740 it is supposed to have been about 200,000 souls. Azara, in 1750, estimated the tax-payers at 40,000. Against this estimate the Jesuits protested, as being greatly exaggerated.

The society of Jesuits has now fallen into great disrepute in Europe. They were expelled from Portugal in 1759, from France in 1764, from Spain and Naples in 1767, and their order totally abolished in 1773 by Pope Clement XIV.

Charles III was King of Spain at this time, and considered a most devoted son of the Church, and the last one to lift his hand against any of its holy orders; but such were the exposures of Jesuitic policy on the continent of Europe, and such were the reports brought to him from his American provinces, that certain significant indications at home aroused his fears. He counseled with his minister Aranda, and with his advice resolved upon immediate and energetic action. On the 27th of February, 1767, he issued

a decree banishing all Jesuits from his dominions forever, forbidding them to hold intercourse by letter or otherwise with his subjects. In Spain the colleges were surrounded at midnight, the bells secured, each brother allowed his breviary, linen, chocolate, *snuff*, and money, then surrounded by an escort of dragoons, they were conducted to the coast and shipped for Italy. The general of the order refused to admit them into Italy. They were driven from Civita Vecchia, Leghorn, and Genoa successively, and some six thousand of them for six months were tossed about upon the Mediterranean Sea. Finally a landing was effected at Corsica.

After Charles had shipped the Jesuits he wrote to the Pope as follows:

*"Most Holy Father,—*Your Holiness is well aware that the first duty of a sovereign is to watch over the peace and preservation of his state, and provide for the good government and tranquillity of his subjects. In compliance with this principle I have been under the imperious necessity of resolving upon the immediate expulsion of all the Jesuits who are established in my kingdom and dominions, and to send them to the states of the Church, under the immediate wise and holy direction of your most holy beatitude, most worthy father and master of all faithful. I should fall under the obloquy of throwing a heavy charge upon the Apostolic Privy Council by obliging it to exhaust its treasures in the supporting of these poor Jesuits, who happen to be my vassals, had I not made previous provision, as I have, for the payment to each individual of a sum sufficient to maintain him for life. On such understanding I pray your Holiness to view this my determination simply as an indispensable step of political economy, taken only after mature examination and the most profound reflection.

"Doing me the justice to believe this, as I pray you will, your Holiness will surely grant your holy and apostolic benediction on this measure as well as on all my actions which have for their object, in the same way, the promotion of the honor and glory of God.

YO EL REY."

This letter was not favorably received by Pope Clement XIII. In his reply he expressed his great grief that his "dearest son in Jesus Christ" should so "overwhelm his old age with bitter afflictions and finally precipitate him into the tomb." He entered also upon a spirited defense of the Jesuits, and "in the presence of God declared their innocence, piety, usefulness, and holiness, in their laws, maxims, and objects."

Neither Charles nor his Council, however, were moved from their position by the appeal. The Council replied to the letter, recapitulating the charges against the Jesuits: "That they had altered the theological doctrines—that some of them had been so daring in their skepticism as to doubt the authenticity of the sacred Scrip-

tures—that in China they had rendered compatible at once the worship of God and mammon—that in Japan they had, in so scandalous a manner, persecuted the bishops and other religious orders, as that it could never be blotted from the memory of man—that in Europe they had been the very point and focus of all the tumults, rebellions, and regicides—that it was proved by the undeniable testimony of their own papers, that in Paraguay they took the field at the head of organized armies to oppose themselves against the claims of the crown—and that in Spain they had just been endeavoring to change the whole system of government and modify it according to their own ruinous purposes. The Council, after, from the most unquestionable authorities, drawing this gloomy picture of the fraternity, concluded by recommending his Majesty never to lend his royal ear to any applications in their behalf."

Three days after issuing the decree in Spain a ship of war, the "Prince," was dispatched for the river Plata, with orders to the Viceroy to seize all the Jesuits in the country and ship them immediately for Europe. The orders were received on the 7th of June, 1767, in Buenos Ayres. Energetic measures were at once resolved upon, and secretly and successfully executed on the night of the 21st of the next month. The blow fell suddenly at midnight! The Colleges of Cordova, of Tucuman, and Asuncion were surrounded and their resident priests dragged forth as prisoners, and in the darkness dispatched for Buenos Ayres. In one hour all their rich treasures were lost—gold, silver, lands, slaves, cattle, and churches—the accumulations of nearly two centuries in one hour were all gone!

"This hazardous enterprise involved extensive bearings; and had a single blunder been committed much bloodshed might have been occasioned. The Jesuits to be apprehended were more than *five hundred* in number. They were spread over a territory of nearly two thousand miles in extent; they held an absolute sway over almost one hundred and fifty thousand Indians, many of whom were armed; they had under their entire influence most of the literary institutions in South America; they wielded a power sufficient to repel the military force of any province in the new world, and to make at least one throne tremble beyond the ocean. To break down by a single stroke such an establishment as this, without the least public tumult, or the loss of a single drop of blood, required a skill in planning and a celerity in executing, with which the most powerful are not often gifted. Yet such a blow fell on the Jesuits!"

Lieutenant Page records the finale thus: "And

thus, two hundred and twenty years from the time when the first Jesuits landed upon the Brazilian coast, not one of Loyola's sons remained upon the South American continent, the great field of their missionary labors and imperishable glory."

The following extracts are from a petition purporting to come from the people of the missions of San Luis to the Governor of Buenos Ayres—the Viceroy—praying that the Jesuits might remain among them—the Jesuits are suspected of being the real authors of it.

They say, "As for the friars and priests sent to replace them, we love them not. The apostle St. Thomas, the minister of God, so taught our forefathers on these same parts, for these friars and priests have no care for us. The sons of St. Ignatius, yes, they from the first took care of our forefathers, and taught them, and baptized them, and preserved them for God and the king; but for these friars and priests, in no manner do we wish them. . . . We are not slaves—and we desire to say that Spanish custom is not to our liking—for every one to care for himself, instead of assisting one another in their daily labors. This is the plain truth that we say to your excellency, that it may be attended to; if it is not, this people, like the rest, will be lost. This to your excellency, to the king, and to God—we shall go to the devil! and at the hour of our death where will be our help?"

But the work was completed. All the missions were quietly changed into regular Spanish settlements, and the spiritual care of the Indians was confided to the monks St. Dominick, St. Francis, and the order of Mercy. At the time the Spanish authorities took possession of the missions they found 769,353 head of horned cattle, 94,983 horses, and 221,537 sheep.

It is certain that prosperity departed with the Jesuits from these missions. The friars failed to command respect, and maintain harmony and order in the communities. Jesuit discipline was a *sine qua non*. The Indians fled to the forest, the population and wealth decreased, and the missions became insignificant border towns. "In 1801 a census of the Indian population was made by Don Joaquim de Sorice. There were then but 45,639 souls in the thirty missions, almost 100,000 less than in the year 1767. In this space of thirty-four years more than two-thirds of the original number of inhabitants had disappeared; cattle, sheep, and horses were destroyed; the old energies of the Christian republic were wasted away till there remained scarcely a skeleton of those once flourishing Jesuit missions. Here and there a spacious but crumbling church, with fading frescoes, speaks for this departed wealth and civilization." (Lieutenant Page, p. 551.)

The suppression of the order of Jesuits soon followed—1773—their expulsion from Spain. And though restored in 1814, and recalled to the Argentine Confederation by General Rosas, they never attained to much influence. They were in the country but a short time when Rosas, repenting of his recall, with or without cause, expelled them from the province of Buenos Ayres in 1843. The other provinces followed the example, and the expulsion from the entire country was completed in 1848, when they left Cordova. Upon the fall of Rosas, February 3, 1852, the Jesuits appeared again in the train of Urquiza the conqueror. A Jesuit priest by the name of Pena, a short time after Urquiza's entrance into Buenos Ayres, delivered a sermon before him in the cathedral, celebrating his victory. We will make a few extracts from it, to give an idea of the fulsome flattery of a Jesuit.

At the commencement of the discourse he calls upon his hearers, "Assist me to implore the help of grace, by the intercession of the mother of Christ, Holy Virgin! Your own glory is interested in my prayer, for neither were your altars venerated by that scourge of society and religion. [General Rosas.] Enable me to fill my ministry duly. Hail Mary!"

He addressed Urquiza thus: "But likewise thy name, O great Urquiza! Thy name will be immortal in the annals of our history! Toward you our gratitude will be eternal, and the echo of our acknowledgments will make itself heard across the distances of space which separates us from the confines of the earth! The heart of each Argentine will be a temple consecrated to thee, where thou wilt receive continually the sweet incense of our affection! . . . The press, the organ of the sentiments of man, will carry your heroism, your valor on the wings of fame to make you respected throughout all the world; it will make the nations know that if North America glories in her Washington, that in the South there arises another emulous of his virtues, political, military, and social, who now forms the hope of our own and neighboring republics! . . . We acclaim you our Washington! The Washington of the Argentine republic! What glory for you, sir! Argentines, I call your attention. Fix your gaze on that bold champion! In the transport of my gratitude, sir, your modesty will suffer me to consecrate to you the sentiments of my heart; sentiments sincere and foreign from all flattery; virgin sentiments which have never been offered before; noble sentiments purely expressive of my opinion and of my patriotism.

"Yes! fix, I again say, Argentines, your looks on that brave warrior! See ye those scintillating eyes, but beaming with humanity! they have suf-

fered prolonged vigils for our liberty. Behold ye that noble and capacious brow, even yet burned with the sun of the camp of Mars! It has been absorbed in profound meditations for our liberty. Witness ye that elevated and well-constructed breast, the temple of a magnanimous heart! It has exposed itself to the bullets and the lance of the tyrant for our liberties. Do ye behold that nervous arm and powerful hand, so well known on fields of battle! There he has wielded his dreadful sword with so much valor for our liberties."

The above quotations are sufficient to indicate the sycophancy of a Jesuit priest flattering a bloody and barbarous man.

Priest Pena continued in the city of Buenos Ayres for some months, when, being detected or strongly suspected of complicity with some insurrectionary movements—how Jesuit-like—he was banished. At the present time, though there are Jesuits in the South American provinces, their influence is comparatively small. The field of their glory is forever wrested from them.

In connection with this particular notice of Jesuitism in South America, it may not be amiss to give a brief, general view of the relation between Church and state. We are all aware that Romanism was introduced here coeval with Spanish authority. The Church, however, in this country has never been directly and entirely dependent upon the Pope, as is usually the case. The Pope granted the tithes of the Church, and the disposal of all the ecclesiastical benefits in the new world, to the kings of Spain. Thus the monarch became the head of the American Roman Church. This power soon became absolute in spiritual matters as well as temporal. Indeed, the two can not long remain separated. Even Papal bulls were not permitted to be published in America till they had received the sanction of the Council of the Indies.

When these countries declared their independence of Spain in 1810, the Church patronage of the crown descended, as a matter of course, to the various local governments. And so it has continued till the present time.

In all legislation since the people assumed the government, there has been a strong desire manifested to diminish the influence of the clergy. Under the viceroyalty the country was filled with monasteries and nunneries, and overrun with friars and monks, and brotherhoods and sisterhoods of all descriptions, whose irregular and immoral lives were an offense to the people.

The first General Assembly that ever met in Buenos Ayres, in 1813, issued a decree abolishing the Inquisition in all the provinces. This horrid institution of Popery was established in

South America, in 1570 by the pious zeal of Philip II. In June of the same year—1813—the complete independence ecclesiastical was declared throughout the provinces, and the authority of the Pope's nuncio in Spain denied. They then proceeded to elect their own vicar-general and other officers, and direct religious affairs in the general.

In 1822, under the government of Don Martin Rodriguez, his Minister of State, Don Bernardino Rivadavia, attempted extensive reforms in the Church establishments. All orders of friars were suppressed; they were driven forth from the convents and monasteries, and their property confiscated for government purposes. These measures produced great excitement, which resulted in a conspiracy by the Church and its supporters against the government. The several attempts at insurrection were suppressed. Taglé, one of the principal leaders, was banished, and the authority of the government fully established. Only one order of friars, that of the Franciscans, was permitted to maintain its organization. It still exists.

It was thus that General Rosas became head of the Church in the Argentine Confederation, and being a man of will he exercised his authority with complete independence of the Pope. He, however, restored many of the suppressed orders to their ecclesiastical standing, and ordered some of their property returned to them. This, with him, was a stroke of policy by which he secured the influence of the priesthood, and they eulogized him in language even more extravagant than that of Pena toward Urquiza. They even went so far as to place his portrait on the high altar in the cathedral. He, however, made the Church entirely dependent upon the state, and up to the present time the expenses of the religious establishments have been defrayed by the state treasury.

Since Rosas's fall the Pope has been making efforts to secure better terms for his Holiness in these countries. He has written a flattering letter to his "beloved son Urquiza," and sent him a little Jesus, the very image of one worshiped in the Vatican, and granted him also the distinguished privilege of having a private chapel connected with his household. We do not now know what effect these tokens of Papal kindness have had, or will have on General Urquiza. But in the Argentine Constitution there are no unusual marks of deference to Romanism. Article 2d simply states that "the Federal Government sustains the Roman Catholic apostolic worship," while liberty to profess and exercise any other forms of religion is granted to all, both natives and foreigners.

The recent Constitution of the state of Buenos Ayres guarantees to all liberty of conscience and of worship in matters of religion; and provides in reference to the Roman Church that the Governor shall "exercise the patronage, with respect to the Churches, benefices, and clergy, which are dependent upon him, according to law. He shall appoint the bishop from three names presented to him by the state senate." This provision very effectually excludes the interposition of the Pope. This sketch will give a sufficiently accurate idea of the political relations of the Church of Rome to the Argentine Confederation.

CHARITY GREEN'S GIFTS.

A CHRISTMAS STORY FOR THE YOUNG.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"DOUBLE fold, and only fifty cents a yard. It was the cheapest piece o' plaid worsted I ever laid my eyes on!" exclaimed to herself Miss Charity Green, the old maid tailoress of Allantown, and she unfolded the three-dollar bank-note which she had received the day before for a week and a half's sewing at the squire's, and smoothed the ragged corners, and looked at it affectionately.

"Six yards 'll make me a full dress, and I must have it to wear at cousin Nathan's, as they 've sent me their usual invitation to Christmas dinner. I shall have to pull tight, as I 've only a day and a half to cut and make it in. I 've set my heart on a plaid dress all the fall, but I could n't raise the money till this week, and it 's lucky enough I came across jest the piece I wanted hangin' in the window, and the price in great figures on top.

"To tell the plain truth, too, I was n't a bit proud o' my old silk, 'specially among cousin Nathan's dressy wife and daughters. I 've had the silk seven years and turned it twice, and washed it in coffee and ale and cut it over, but for all that it looks gray and scant, and I 'd begun to get real 'shamed on 't.

"I guess I 'll step over and get the stuff at once and run up the breadths this evenin', as I 've got all them button-holes on Joseph Blake's new coat to make to-morrow, and I 've no time to let grass grow under my feet."

With this audible conclusion of her intentions Miss Charity Green rose up and snuffed the solitary tallow candle, which was burning on the little round cherry table, which had been her grandmother's. She was a very poor woman who lived by her needle, and rented the "middle room" in widow Blake's small one-story house. She had a thin, faded face, with nothing pretty or attractive

about it, except when she smiled, and then little children would be sure to forget all about the wrinkles and the homeliness, and tangle her spools of thread and play with the scissors, which always hung around her neck, fastened with black ribbon, and never dream of stopping or being in the least alarmed by her frequent, "There, there, children! Dear me! I do believe little hands are the busiest in the world! Who ever did see!"

Poor Miss Charity Green! She was that very sad spectacle, a lonely, almost friendless woman, without father or mother, brother or sister, husband or children in the world. Her life was turning its face toward half a century of years; her health, never vigorous, was gradually failing her; and a cold, lonely old age rose up sometimes and appalled her with its chill and gloom. She had to work early and late, for the roof that sheltered and the bread that nourished her. Poor Miss Charity Green!

But as she tied on her straw bonnet that evening, there was a quick knock at the door, and the next moment a little brown curly head, with a pair of eager, bright, dancing eyes was thrust inside.

"Come in, Johnnie; what do you want?" said Miss Charity Green. And if you had heard her voice just then you would have understood something of the secret of her being so general a favorite with children.

"Mother wants to know, Miss Green, if you'll lend her a drawin' o' tea. She'll pay you to-morrow."

"O she need n't be in the least bit o' hurry about that are," answered Miss Green, as she took the little blue cup from the boy's hand. "Do sit down, Johnnie, and warm yourself by the fire."

And the boy sat down in the great arm-chair, while the woman measured the tea in the cover of her tin canister.

"Mother and sisters pretty well to-day, Johnnie?"

"Yes, ma'am, only mother said she felt a little touch o' rheumatiz in her right shoulder this mornin'."

"Dear me, suz! It won't do for her to let the rheumatiz get hold on her this time o' year. I'll jest step out into the shed and get her a little boneset. I al'ays lay up some every fall, for there's nothin' like it for rheumatiz, as my grandfather used to say."

And as the woman tied up the dried herbs in a piece of brown paper, it struck her that her little neighbor was unusually grave and silent; so half with the purpose of drawing out any concealed trouble which might possess him, Miss Green continued the conversation,

"Well, Johnnie, you all goin' to have a merry Christmas at your house?"

"I do n't know," said the boy in a disconsolate tone of voice, twisting his brown fingers in and out of each other.

"What! you and sisters not going to hang up your stockings?"

"No, ma'am; mother said she could n't afford to give us any presents this year. Ellen and Jane cried all the afternoon about it."

"Wall, now, I declare! That is too bad," answered the sympathizing voice of Miss Green, and she silently tied the paper and snapped the thread with her scissors, and as she placed it in the boy's hands she said to him, "Never mind, Johnnie, dear. Pluck up good heart. May be somethin' 'll turn up about them Christmas presents after all."

"If I was only a little better off now," murmured Miss Charity Green as she rocked herself back and forth in her great arm-chair, "them are children should n't go without hangin' up their stockings. I'd willingly sell my dinner to buy 'em some presents, for I know jest how much store children set by 'em. I remember the Christmas when aunt Marsy sent me my first cheeny cradle, with a little baby inside of it; and brother Tim his new skates. I can see 'em both jest as plain as I see that stove now, though it's nigh upon forty years ago. How Tim and I did reckon on them are presents! I don't believe a crowned king and queen were happier that Christmas than we. Poor, dear Tim! if he had n't gone to sea and been overtaken in that terrible storm his sister would n't a been a poor, lonely toilin' woman to-night," and here the tears gathered into Miss Charity Green's eyes, and she wiped them away with the corner of her gingham apron, and continued her rocking and her low monologue. "Well, the Lord knows what is best, and I must leave it all with him."

"But about them presents! I sha'n't take a minute's comfort thinkin' o' the children's disappointment, and yet I do n't see how in the world I can prevent it. If I did n't need that plaid dress now"—here the woman unclasped her head purse and drew out the bank-note and looked at it wistfully. "But I do need it! my old silk an't fit to be seen, and cousin Nathan's folks are so perticerler like. I can't get along without a new gown any how; but then how dreadful down in the mouth Johnnie did look; and to think o' them children's cryin' all the afternoon 'cause they could n't hang up their stockings! Poor things! It might seem sort o' nonsense to some people, but it do n't to me; for I can look right down into my own childhood and remember jest how Tim and I used to feel, and I never look at John-

nie Russell but it takes me right back to my brother that I loved so, and was so proud on—the laughin', fun-lovin', bright-eyed boy that he was!

"Them children *must* hang up their stockings; but if they do I must go without my dress, for it's jest come to that. One thing 's sartin, I could n't take a minute's comfort there in a new one thinking on *Miss Russell's* children; no, not if it was the finest satin that ever stood alone," and here Miss Charity Green brought down her foot with solemn emphasis. "I must wear my shabby old silk, and those that do n't like the looks must turn their heads t'other way; for as long as I hold three dollars in my hands them children sha' n't go without a merry Christmas."

"O! is that you? Do come in, Miss Green," and little pale, sorrowful-faced, care-worn Mrs. Russell lifted her head from the child's stocking she was darning as her neighbor entered the room.

"Little folks all abed?" whispered Miss Green in a low, mysterious tone of voice, as she came into the room with something carefully concealed under her shawl.

"Yes, I sent 'em off an hour ago—poor things!" and a deep sigh heaved the heart of widow Russell—a sigh that was born of wearying cares, and baffled hopes, and fainting spirits.

"Wall, you see, *Miss Russell*," still preserving her low, mysterious tones, and slowly uncovering her red merino shawl, revealing several packets in brown paper. "I thought as it was about Christmas time them little folks would want some fixins—you know children an't like grown folks any how; so I kinder thought I'd slip somethin' into their stockings, for I s'pose you'd ways enough for every penny."

"O, Miss Green, you are too good now!"

What a light it was that broke over the pale, worn face of the mother as her eyes fell on the bundles!

"S'pose you jest take a squint at 'em," said the old maid, breaking the small cords and tearing away the wrappers.

First, there was a blue drum with red stripes for Johnnie, which his mother knew would fairly throw him into ecstasies; then in a round pink box was a white china tea-set for Ellen, with the most diminutive cups and saucers, and the daintiest sugar-bowl, and cream-mug, and water-pitcher; and for little Jane there was a wax doll, with black eyes, and ruby lips, and small dainty rings of real brown hair; and a red-bird in a cage picking seeds out of a yellow trough; and added to all these was a purple horn-of-plenty tied with golden ribbons, and filled with sugar plums for each of the children.

Mrs. Russell's faded eyes gleamed with new light as she gazed at the gifts. She tried to speak, but the words choked themselves back in her throat, and she broke down into a sob of tears.

"Wall, I do say now, *Miss Russell*," said her neighbor, attempting in awkward but sincere fashion to comfort her. "Do n't give up so. It an't much, I know, but then we all had to be children once."

"Yes, Miss Green, and it 's jest the thought o' that and the good times we used to have when I was a wild, careless gal at father's that 's e'en a-most broke my heart ever since I told the children they must n't expect to hang up their stockings this Christmas. You never did see children so put down in your life; they an't hardly smiled since, and it 's seemed as though we'd had a funeral in the house when I put 'em to bed to-night."

"Somehow I've been in a murmurin' state all day, for, wicked as it was, I could n't make it seem right that their father should be taken away so sudden, when the children needed him the most, and I left here all alone to strain every nerve and muscle to keep their souls and bodies together."

"Wall, it is awful tryin', as you say, *Miss Russell*; I've been through the mire myself, but somehow another God does bring us out."

"I know it," answered the widow penitently. "I'd fairly given up to-night when I put the children to bed, for I did n't care for myself; but to see them so down-hearted was more'n I could bear."

"Well, s'pose now you jest get their stockings and we'll slip these in, and you can pin 'em up to the bed-post, you know."

Mrs. Russell went to her chest of cherry drawers and brought forth three small blue and white woolen stockings, and the hearts of the two women were full of a tune of gladness, as they crowded the playthings inside.

"The house won't hold 'em to-morrow-mornin'," exclaimed Mrs. Russell. "They'll be as proud as kings and queens."

"Bless their hearts!" said Miss Green. "There an't no use o' tryin' to get this drum inside."

"No, I'll jest set it on the mantle. Dear me! I expect I sha' n't know whether my head 's off or on to-morrow mornin' about seven o'clock."

And so Mrs. Russell's mother heart dwelt on the delight of her children, and Miss Green drank in all her words greedily, with frequent ejaculations of wonder and sympathy.

"Ugh! how the wind does blow!" said the old maid as she gathered her shawl closer about her head and hastened down the road to her home, while a raw blast struck her in the face. The

night was full of the moan of winds and the anger of black wintry clouds; but Charity Green did not mind this, for her heart was full of the last words of Mrs. Russell:

"I do n't know how to thank you, Miss Green, but you have remembered the widow and the fatherless, and be sure God will remember it of you."

"Merry Christmas—merry Christmas, Miss Green!" The voices, the bright, eager, children's voices, were outside the door and inside the room all in a breath.

There was Johnnie with his drum, and Ellen, whose blue eyes danced with joy over her tea-set, and little flaxen-haired Jane, who looked "cunning as a witch," Miss Green averred, as she hugged up in true motherly fashion her precious doll to her heart.

Then such a confusion of voices and running of feet, drowned frequently in the sound of Johnnie's drum, as went on for the next hour in Miss Green's solitary room.

"We're goin' to play company this afternoon," said Ellen, "and I'm goin' to set out my tea-set and"—

"And I'm goin' to be mother," broke in the sweet child-voice of little Jane. "And I shall bring dolly and the canary and act just like a big woman goin' a visitin'."

"And I'm goin' to be a soldier jest come home from the wars," said Johnnie; and here he struck up "Yankee Doodle" on his drum so loud that Miss Green put her hands to her ears, exclaiming, "O, children, for all the world! What a clash you do make!" but her face was full of smiles all the time.

Miss Charity Green wore her old black silk dress to her cousin's Christmas dinner. It looked gray and shabby, it is true; but she would not have felt half so happy in the richest velvet that ever adorned the figure of an empress.

And it is written and sealed up in the story of her life, and one day the old maid shall read with eyes of glad wonder the gracious and glorious words, which God's angels shall open before her in their settings of dazzling and eternal beauty, CHARITY GREEN'S CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

GREATNESS.

GREATNESS lies not in being strong, but in the right using of strength; and strength is not used rightly when it only serves to carry a man above his fellows for his own solitary glory. He is greatest whose strength carries up the most hearts by the attraction of his own.

THE ORPHAN'S TWO HOMES.

BY MRS. F. M. ROWE.

THE setting sun cast its last, lingering rays upon a new-made grave in the little village church-yard at B—. There were a good many graves there, but the mild autumn sun seemed to linger lovingly upon this one in the corner, of which we are writing; perhaps it was because two little children sat there, looking so utterly forlorn and wretched that the kind sun wanted to clasp them in his warm embrace and whisper some such words of comfort as these, "Look up, little children, and believe, that as surely as I shall rise again in the morning, bringing light, and life, and joy to all this lower world, so surely shall the dear mother, who sleeps beneath, rise also, rejoicing in the beams of the Sun of righteousness."

But the sun went down and the children sat alone, alone in the wide world, by the grave of their mother. They were two—a boy of five or six summers, and a girl of twelve, as one would judge from her childish face and figure; and yet already over that young face there was a shade of thought and care strangely at variance with her tender years. Upon her lap was pillowed the head of her little brother, and thus they sat till the twilight deepened into night and the twinkling stars came forth one by one.

"Look, sister!" said the boy breaking the silence and pointing upward, "mother's got to heaven and God's lighting up the sky 'cause she's got there."

"O, Charley!" said his sister, "do n't talk so; we hope dear mother is in heaven, but do n't you know those are the stars? they come out every night."

"Yes, but they look a great deal brighter to-night."

"Perhaps that is because we see them better out in the open air; but we must go home now, Charley, for you know Hannah is coming to take us away to-morrow."

The girl knelt down and kissed the sod, then taking her little brother by the hand led him to their lonely room; with gentle hands she undressed him, heard him say his prayers, and watched him till he slept, and then throwing herself upon the bed beside him, shed such bitter tears of heart-felt, genuine sorrow as seldom fall from children's eyes; a heavy sleep succeeded, and we leave her so to tell you something of her previous history.

John Norris, the father of our little friends, was a market-gardener; he had leased a small piece of ground for that purpose with a cottage attached, hoping by industry and frugality soon

to make it his own; but all his earnest labors could not keep sickness from the door, and for many successive months either himself, his wife, or the little delicate Charley were in the hands of the village doctor; and in the winter preceding the commencement of our story John Norris died, leaving to his family only the inheritance of a good name and a few dollars. Sick and heart-broken the poor widow toiled on through the summer months, just keeping starvation from the door; and then as the cool autumn days came on she laid her down to die, and all this time the little Susan was her sole attendant; bathing her fevered head, preparing her cooling drinks, tending her invalid brother, in short, doing all that her little busy head could devise, or her willing hands execute, and then it was that the *old look* grew over her face.

The day before Mrs. Norris's death she called Susan to her bedside. "Sit down, darling, close beside me. You know that I am dying, but perhaps you do not know how very soon I shall leave you. In a very few hours you will be alone with your little brother and with God." Susan's tears fell fast. "Do not cry if you can help it, Susie; if you were not the bravest and dearest little girl a mother was ever blest with, my dying hours would be filled with much more dread of your future, but I know that my child loves and fears her God, and strives to walk in the way he has pointed out; and O!" continued the mother, "never neglect our darling Charley! You must be to him mother and sister in one. I have heard from our good Hannah, who served us so faithfully for many years, and she has promised to shelter you under her roof and God will do the rest—into the hands of our covenant-keeping God I commend my children." The widow ceased from exhaustion, and in two or three days she was sleeping beside her husband in the little church-yard.

The morning after the funeral Susie awoke from her sorrowful sleep, with the consciousness that it was time to be up and gather together the few things of her mother's which she was permitted to keep; for nearly every article of their household furniture had been sold to pay the expenses attendant upon the funeral. Early in the afternoon Hannah and her husband appeared at the door with a rough sort of cart to convey the little orphans to their new home. Hannah Jones was a coarse-looking woman, but with a gentle, kindly voice, and a still kinder heart, else she would not have offered the shelter of her already crowded home to the little motherless beings before her; and now in a bustling, merry way, began packing boxes and children all into the cart, not letting Susie have time to shed the tears her

heart was aching for; but springing in herself called out, "Now, Thomas, man, ye must drive in fast, for the young uns 'ill be wanting their suppers," and so they jostled on into the crowded city, down a narrow street, till they stopped before a little house, whose door and window were filled with eager faces watching their approach, and now eager little hands were stretched out to assist in taking in "the things;" and Susie soon found a neat little loft spread with the remains of what had once constituted "home."

On awaking next morning Charley looked out of the low window at the dingy houses opposite with an evident feeling of disgust, and said:

"Sister, I do n't like this; I want to go home."

"Why," answered Susie, "this is home; do n't you see I have brought the bed, and your little chair, and dear mother's chair, that we used to have at home?"

"But, O!" said Charley, with a deep sigh of grief, "you did n't bring any *out doors*;" for the poor child missed the country sounds and smells that all his little life had been accustomed to.

And now Susie's city life began; she worked early and late, and crept to bed with aching limbs quite new to her, for Hannah was a tidy woman, and house and children must be kept clean, and she never dreamed of how tired Susie got; for she had a pleasant, cheerful way of doing every thing that was required of her. Susie could have borne all her own ailments without a murmur, had she not perceived her little charge drooping under this mode of living; they had, to be sure, always lived plainly, but they had been used to more delicate food than Hannah could afford to give them, and then Charley pined for more air, and the big boys teased him and called him "baby." All these grievances were poured into Susie's ear, when they were locked in each other's arms at night; but not for worlds would Susie have uttered one complaint which would have wounded to the quick the heart of her kind benefactors.

In the house adjoining them lived a very nice family, of rather a better class than the rest of the neighbors. Most of the children went to school, and in time Susie became quite intimate with the eldest daughter—Martha—a girl of about fourteen; and this intimacy soon formed the bright spot in her hitherto dreary life. Night after night did the two girls pore over the same books, Susie's quick mind keeping pace with the knowledge which Martha gained in the daytime; and many were the pretty story-books which the school library afforded, and which Susie poured into Charlie's greedy ears in every moment which she could snatch from her work. But at last this came to an end. Martha was now old enough to

leave school and earn something for herself; and one night she burst into Mrs. Jones's room with her face in a glow of delight, exclaiming,

"O, Susie! Mrs. Jones! I have got something good to tell you. Father has got me just the nicest place in a printing office, where all I have to do is to stand all day folding clean papers ready for the wrappers; and they say a smart girl can make four or five dollars a week. They want another one besides me, and, O Mrs. Jones! won't you let Susie go?"

How Susie's heart beat at the thought! four or five dollars of her own! what a mine of wealth! What could n't she buy Charley with that? Perhaps she could sometimes treat him to an omnibus ride in the country, where he could roll on the grass and get a handful of real sweet-smelling clover; never once, into that dear little heart, did the thought creep of what she could buy for herself; and now she sat with her eyes fixed on Mrs. Jones's face waiting for the answer, as if her very life depended on it. It came at last, slowly and deliberately.

"Well, now, really, Martha, I hardly know what to say. Susie's a great help here at home. I've got so used to her nice handy ways that I should miss her a heap; but then the poor children'll be wanting clothes afore long, and times is dreadful hard this winter. If Charley can get along without her through the day I reckon I'll let her go."

So Susie's destiny for the present was fixed, and the next day she was conducted by her friend to her new work in the printing office, where, for the present, we will leave her, while we pay a visit to another family in a different position in life.

Winter had long given place to spring, and the glorious beauty of the summer-time was deepening over every tree and shrub on the grounds of Mr. Horton's country home. On the piazza, which extended around the entire house, sat a gentle, amiable-looking lady sewing, and a few feet from her, on the lawn, sat, or, rather, lolled a beautiful little girl of about twelve summers. We say beautiful, because she possessed the elements of beauty; that is, a fair skin, long sunny ringlets, and soft, blue eyes; and yet upon looking a second time, truth obliges us to say there was a something there that was not beauty—something that was not in keeping with the quiet and harmony of the surrounding picture. Perhaps it is the look of peevish discontent which is settling more and more over the face, as with a listless air she pulls the old Newfoundland dog's ears, till, resenting the liberty with a dignified shake, he leaves her. But now the face is bright-

ening into something pleasanter, for the rumble of wheels is heard, and in a few moments Kate Horton is upon her father's knee, exclaiming,

"O, papa, I'm so glad you've come! what have you brought me?"

"Always the first question, Katy darling," said the fond father, emptying out his pockets into her willing hands, "but I wish I could have a little disinterested love. Do you know I believe I am spoiling you, my daughter? I think you would hardly give me a welcome if I came home with empty pockets?"

"O, papa, please do n't say so!" said Kate earnestly. "You know I do love you dearly; but then I get tired of my old things, and I look forward to your bringing me some new amusement every night."

"Kate," said her father seriously, "do you know I have seen a dear little girl to-day about your age that never has any amusement all the year round; that toils all day long to make money that she may buy little comforts for a sick brother, and does it cheerfully, thanking God who has given her health and strength for the work? But I will tell you how I saw her. This morning business called me into one of the printing offices in the city, and while waiting for the clerk I strolled into the folding department, and there saw at least a dozen girls at work folding papers, which are then inclosed in wrappers and mailed to different parts of the country. They were so neat, and tidy, and expert at their work that I stood some time watching them; but my attention was soon attracted to a sweet, sad face in the corner, who once or twice lifted the corner of her apron to wipe away her tears. Being naturally rather soft-hearted upon the subject of little girls, you know," said Mr. Horton with a smile, "of course I became at once interested in her, and by a few kind inquiries soon drew out her whole story. She and her little brother were orphans, living upon the bounty of a former servant of her parents, and within the last few months this little Susan, as she called herself, had worked in the office 'to earn a little money for brother Charley, and now he is sick and the doctor says as the warm weather comes on he must go in the country or he'll die;' and then the poor little thing fairly sobbed out, 'And, O! what will I do without my Charley?' And now, wife, I know you will not scold when I tell you what I have done. I went home with the child, to that little narrow, cramped home, where Hannah Jones lived with her husband and five children, and still had a corner to spare for the two orphans, and I learned for the first time what that hospitality is which the apostle recommends us to 'use without grudging;' and I tell you, wife, I

felt that all the money I have ever given in my whole life for charitable purposes was as nothing in the sight of God compared with the self-denying labors of that poor couple."

"Well, but, papa, what about Charley?" said Kate, "did you see him?"

"Why, to be sure I did; that is what I went for, and to make my long story short, I will tell you that I have promised to bring the little fellow and his sister out here to-morrow to see if a little rolling about on the grass will do him any good. Ask mother if she approves of it."

"You need scarcely ask that," said Mrs. Horton, whose eyes had almost run over during the recital, "I am only glad that you followed the dictates of your own kind heart. And now, Kate, you may go to nurse and tell her to prepare the room next to hers for the little strangers. They will of course feel more at home under her care just at first."

When Kate had gone on her errand Mr. Horton continued: "I do not feel as if I had been quite unselfish in this plan, for I felt that the influence of this little Susan Norris upon Kate must be productive of good, and in time perhaps cure that terrible selfishness which is creeping like a blight over the dear child's character."

The following morning an unusual sight presented itself to the staring eyes of the inhabitants of the little street in which Hannah Jones lived, for in front of her door stands a handsome barouche with two gray horses, who are prancing and tossing their heads as if they thought that locality very much beneath them; but here comes our little friend Susie looking fresh and neat in her blue checked dress and white sun-bonnet; and with the tender care of a little mother she is leading out Charley, who looks paler and thinner than when we saw him last; but his eyes are bright enough now, for Charley is going to find some "out doors." Hannah puts them into the carriage and hands in a bundle of well-mended clothing, saying, "God bless you, children; Hannah'll be glad to see ye when the kind gentleman brings ye back."

And now they are off. Prance, horses, prance and toss your heads as much as you please, for every onward step is gladdening the little hearts behind you. Mr. Horton, with considerate kindness, did not turn his head for some time, allowing the children to get accustomed to the novelty of their position. At last as they got out into the open country Charley's exclamations of delight could no longer be repressed, and forgetting even Mr. Horton's stately presence, he fairly clapped his hands with glee as a flock of sheep bounded gayly down the side of a hill.

Mrs. Horton and Kate stood on the piazza

ready to receive them, and after some simple refreshment the latter undertook the pleasing duty of introducing them into her favorite haunts; and there seated under the shade of an old elm-tree, with Charlie making wreaths of clover at her feet, Susie Norris unfolded the story of her young life to her little companion; and it opened a new world to Kate Horton. She, the petted child of wealthy parents, had indeed whiled away many an hour with pathetic stories of poverty and privation, but never before had her heart responded to them, and now tears of genuine sympathy were falling from her pretty blue eyes. The day passed happily with our little friends, though clouded at its close by the evident drooping of Charley, who had undergone too much fatigue and excitement for his little, weak frame. The next morning he was really ill, and for a week he was the subject of much anxiety to Mrs. Horton and her kind nurse. Susie never left his side except to take her meals; and even the petted Kate, catching the infection of Susie's devotion, gave up many of her favorite out-door amusements to sit beside the sick child's bed and amuse him with her books and toys.

And now in fancy we will pass over the next five years and again look upon a little group on the shady lawn. We readily recognize the blue eyes and sunny ringlets of Kate Horton, and now we may truly exclaim, "How beautiful;" for the peevish discontent which marred the beauty of the child's face has given place to a lovely serenity of expression, which speaks of a soul fulfilling the highest aim of its being. Her arm is thrown lovingly around the waist of her companion, in whose elegant form and tasteful dress we almost lose sight of the little occupant of Hannah Jones's cottage. But one glance at the sweet face assures us that Susie Norris is unchanged in all, save happiness; but even now the soft eyes are swimming in something just ready to fall. Ah! it is only the overflowing of a grateful, sensitive nature, for here comes Charley, the darling of her heart, dashing proudly up on his new pony.

"O, Kate!" cried Susie, "do look at the dear fellow; I am sure this is the crowning drop in his cup of happiness, and the crowning point in my argument, too, Katy, dear."

"Papa," said Katy, turning to her father, who had just joined them and had thrown an arm around each, "Sue and I have been having an argument. It is just five years to-night since they came to us, and I contend that I have been the most benefited by the arrangement; do n't you agree with me?"

"Entirely, my dear," replied Mr. Horton; "you were getting to be such a self-willed, spoiled little

thing, that I should have been obliged to turn you out of the house in less than a year if our good Susie had not taught you to be a better girl."

"There," said Kate, laughing, "you may stop now, papa; I only wanted you to agree with me."

"And I," said Susie, kissing Mr. Horton's hand, "am silenced but not convinced. Our heavenly Father knows, and I truly believe our sainted mother knows, just what your loving kindness has done for her orphan children—and those children would be ingrates, indeed, if their whole lives were not henceforth dedicated to you and yours."

Here we leave them, believing that even in this world Mr. Horton realized the blessing of those words, that "inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these little ones, ye have done it unto me."

THE SUNDAY SWIM.

BY SHEELAH.

"COME, Fred, do the right thing and resist the tempter. Your conscience is now urging you to honor God on his holy day; then turn your back on pleasure and come with me to Church, and you will be happier as well as better."

"Do n't wrong my conscience, Caleb, by charging it with any such cant," was the reply to this appeal. "I believe in seeking health and recreation on Sunday after the confinement of the week; and, let who will spend the day praying in the hot, dusty city, I'm going out of town to breathe the fresh air."

"You shock me," said Caleb, with a look of dismay. "Is it indeed so, that your conscience has become seared?—that is a worse state of things than I suspected. I knew you were easily tempted and often fell into error, but I did not suppose that you sinned deliberately, and with the consent of your judgment."

"Now, my dear fellow, do n't begin to preach; it's my religion to take all the comfort I can in this life, so I'm going to look for a cool place this sultry day—good-by," and the gay speaker left the room.

It was midsummer in the Austral clime, and the fair city of Sydney lay scorching beneath the fervid rays of the sun. Caleb Johnson, a young man of pious life and steady principles, was preparing for the Sabbath services of religion, in which he endeavored to induce Frederic Smith, his fellow-clerk and room-mate, to join him; but the latter, we have seen from the portion of their conversation above given, held not the same

views as his friend, and determined to devote the hours of the sacred day to pleasure and self-indulgence. Accompanied by two youths, whom his gay influence swayed, he sought the shady walks of the government demesne. In light discourse they beguiled the time as they rambled through the pleasant grounds and along the cool path which led to the water-side, where a soft breeze awaited them. The delicious sensation was not complete, however, without a plunge amid the glittering waves; and Smith proposed to his companions that they should have a swim.

It was a calm and lovely scene, the limpid waters, as they sparkled in the sunlight, looked innocent and joyous, nor told of danger in their merry midst, and the young men laved their scorched and dusty limbs, and luxuriated in the refreshing element without apprehension or distrust.

But hark! that frantic cry! A shark! a shark! and young Smith was struggling in the monster's grasp. His horrified companions could render no assistance, but turning they hastened to the shore, cut loose a boat that was tied there, and springing into it rowed swiftly to the rescue; but, alas! they were only in time to snatch from the jaws of the devourer a lifeless portion of the late buoyant form of their poor friend.

The face of nature was unchanged; the scene was calm and lovely as before; and the limpid waters, as they sparkled in the sunlight, told not of the shocking deed just enacted in their midst; but the soul of the Sabbath-breaker was gone to its account, and his bleeding and mutilated corpse was conveyed to the city in solemn, silent gloom.

HELP FOR THE POOR.

THE following lines by Leigh Hunt are peculiarly appropriate at this season, expressing as they do the Christian sentiment of love to God as manifested by love to men.

ABOU BEN ADHEM—may his tribe increase!—
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight of his room,
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
And with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord!"
"And is mine one?" asked Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly still, and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."
The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again, with a great awakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blest;
And, lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest!

FEMALE EDUCATION.

BY REV. N. BOUNDS, D. D.

IT is painful to reflect upon the general neglect shown for the education of females in antiquity. Their education was ignored by the Chinese and the Hindoos. The latter declared in their laws that the character of females was made up of malice and deceit. And her education was purposely and totally neglected. It was even affirmed to be disgraceful for females to learn to read. Courtesans were the only exception. They were taught to read, sing, and dance. The polished Greeks even provided no schools, private or public, for girls, unless it was for those of the character just alluded to. And hence we find the names of no distinguished scientific females in Grecian history.

The Romans were equally negligent in this matter till about the close of the republic. Under the empire the daughters of the rich were educated with some degree of care. And from the influence of these prejudices of paganism perhaps it was that in Christian countries, during the period which preceded the revival of literature, female education was generally neglected. From the days of the ill-fated Heloise to nearly the sixteenth century Christiana of Pisa is the only literary female name that occurs in history. An author of the twelfth century remarks that all the education a woman ought to have is to know how to pray to God, to love man, to knit, and to sew. That author is nameless. Thank Heaven that with his name the sentiment has sunk to oblivion!

I am not technically a woman's rights man. But I go strongly for the right of woman to a thorough education. I would not, indeed, have her educated like the fabled Amazons, to take the place of man in the avocations of life, which is contrary to every impulse of her nature, and to all the indications of Providence. Nor like the Spartan virgins, trained with the men, and like the men in all the athletic exercises of the palaestra; which was an education for hunters and barbarians, rather than for civilized females. But while the physical is well cared for, I would have her mental and moral constitution assiduously developed, her intellect enriched with knowledge, and her heart endowed with every noble and pious sentiment. In a word, as by her influence in the domestic and social relations she is to leave her impress upon the nation, I would have her a type of that intelligence and virtue which we would wish to see perpetuated in the nation.

But does not the Bible call her the "weaker vessel?" Yes. And how sadly have these words

of St. Peter been misconstrued! "Vessel," here, has no reference to the mind but to the body; just as when it is said of ministers, that they "have this treasure," that is, of the Gospel, "in earthen vessels"—in frail earthly bodies. Thus understood, the passage teaches the truth; for all are agreed that in muscular power woman is not equal to the opposite sex. And in this view the apostle inculcates a great moral principle. "Give honor," affectionate respect, to her, "as unto the weaker vessel," in view of her comparative physical weakness.

It is just at this point that Christian civilization diverges, by a world-wide difference, from paganism. Paganism, taking advantage of her lack of physical strength, degrades woman and oppresses her. The heathen of the west compels her to bear his burdens. The heathen of the east harnesses her to his plow. He does this because he *can* do it; because he has the brute force to do it, on the ground that might makes right.

But the Christian religion teaches just the opposite sentiment. "Giving honor unto the wife, as unto the weaker vessel, and as being heirs together of the grace of life." Be tender toward her, because she is weaker than thou. Her weakness claims our protection, and is a constant and affecting appeal to our manhood to show her kindness and respect. It is her right. And with regard to her we must reverse the motto and say right makes might. The right she has to our regard must secure it to her, whether she has power to vindicate that right or not. This is the principle of true politeness. This is noble, manly, Christian refinement. It is this feature in Christianity which explains the fact, that the condition of the female sex is incomparably better in all those lands where the Gospel has made itself felt than in pagan nations.

And these results are secured the more by just how much woman is the better educated. Let the attractions of her mind and the virtues of her heart be drawn out by appropriate culture. The more this is done, the more willingly shall this homage be rendered her—a homage which honors not more her that receives it than him that gives it; for it is the homage, not of necessity, but of choice.

PRAYING WITHOUT CEASING.

HE that makes it a rule to be content and thankful in every part and accident of his life, because it comes from God, praises God in a much higher manner than he that hath some set time for singing psalms or for formal prayers. Such a habit of soul is a full consecration.

TWILIGHT MUSINGS.

BY LIZZIE MACE-M'FARLAND.

"The shadow falleth slowly
Over the darkening wood;
The solemn hour is holy,
Breathing God is good."

YES, 't is a solemn, a sacred hour,
The purple twilight with mystic power
Casts in the forest a deeper shade,
Tinging the hue of the grassy blade;
Yet in the heart 't will a fountain unseal,
Many a pearl in its brightness reveal.

Yonder the clouds of floating light,
Ere earth be veiled with the mists of night,
Sinking away in the quiet west,
Go with the glorious sun to rest;
Yet ere departing a whisper they leave,
"Child of sorrow, there's rest at eve."

Darker vapors their places now fill,
The whispering spirits are with them still,
Shadows dispelling the cares of day,
Nearer the soul can their echoes play.
O touch, then, this harp of a thousand strings,
For twilight around it a holy spell brings!

Canst thou mete the bounds of rolling spheres,
Number their circles, and count their years?
Canst mark the hour of the sun's decline,
And say where next shall his day-beams shine?
But who can measure the depths of the soul,
Or say when its life-tide shall cease to roll?

Fountains exhaustless are stored within
The feeble casement to earth akin.
Depths all unstirred are yet to be found
Far in the spirit's enchanted ground.
Weep not, then, mortal, when life's work is done,
The immortal race is but just begun.

KIZZIE.

BY E. M. BECK.

THE summer's day, with golden light,
Had faded like a dream,
And never before was the sky so red,
So Kizzie and I both thought and said
While pausing by the stream.

Her eyes, I thought they were less bright
While gazing on the sky,
And the rose upon her cheek had fled,
And a tear was standing in its stead,
But she did not tell me why.

And when it deepened into night,
And we sit by the door,
She said that I, "when in the west,
Away where the sun went down to rest,
Would think of her no more."

Long years have passed me in their flight,
And I am wandering still;
But neither change of time nor place
Can hide the image of the face
That sleeps beside the rill.

THE BELOVED PASTOR.

BY MARION A. BIGELOW.

SOLEMNLY lay that form to rest,
In a lonely, quiet spot;
Scatter the damp mold over his breast,
But let him not be forgot;
Tho' the change of death is on his brow,
He must not sleep forgotten now.

How many a heart will pour
Its offerings o'er his tomb!
Recalling the scenes that come no more,
Affection will sit in gloom;
And deeply the Church will lament the fall
Of him who sleeps here beneath the pall.

When they gather for high debate,
And mingle in holy love,
Long must his weeping brethren wait
For one who has ceased to rove:
Long must they wait for his coming in vain,
Who never will meet in their councils again.

But will not his influence there
A blessing upon them shed;
His memory a stimulus prove,
Tho' he slumbers with the dead,
To labor like him till their work is done,
And fall at their post with their armor on?

O we will not forget the dead,
A star shall their memory be;
Like that which to Bethlehem led,
'T will lead us, O Savior! to thee;
His deeds of love are engraven on high;
His memory lives; it can never die.

THE MOTHER'S DIRGE.

BY E. L. BICKNELL.

He came to me when flowers and sunshine
Were gladdening the earth;
When birds were joying in the summer-time
With gladsome song and mirth.

He came to me in growing beauty bright,
With winsome act and look,
And smiling ways, which were a sweet delight,
Now marked in mem'ry's book.

He came to me, a little spirit pure,
And guileless of offense;
And oft I asked, it was my daily prayer,
To keep that innocence.

I have him not; when autumn's gaudy leaf
Grew loose upon the stem,
Upon my spirit fell a blighting grief,
My brby lies with them.

I have him not; O bitter words are they,
And full of meaning, too!
Death hath put out for me one blessed ray,
A dear one, from my view.

I have him not; in heaven he now doth dwell,
With God and angels there!
Yet there 's a yearning in my heart's lone cell
To have him with me here.

EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

Scripture Cabinet.

EASTERN CUSTOMS ILLUSTRATIVE OF SCRIPTURE.—Oriental habits and manners are so unchanging in their character, that a familiar acquaintance with the customs of the east at the present day is a valuable aid to the full understanding of numerous passages of Scripture. By their accurate accounts of these customs, various eastern travelers, some of whom were far from entertaining any such purpose, have thrown a flood of light on some portions of the inspired volume, and every additional ray of similar information to be gained from the narratives of modern tourists has its interest and its value.

In exemplification of these observations, the following notices, given for the most part on the authority of a cotemporary traveler in Egypt and the east, may be acceptable to some of our readers.

Bowing to the ground. "And Abraham's servant worshiped the Lord, bowing himself to the earth." To this day in various parts of the east, the ground in an act of worship is literally touched with the forehead. It is a common thing to see persons walking in the streets with their foreheads marked with a spot of dust; this being the result of that bowing to the earth which they are accustomed to practice at their devotions, and the evidence of which, in the true pharisaical spirit, they are glad to display.

Reading aloud. "And Philip ran thither to him and heard him read the prophet Esaias." In the east men have no idea of reading otherwise than aloud. The perusing of a book in silence is there unknown.

Girding up the loins. "And he [Elijah] girded up his loins and ran before Ahab to the entrance of Jesreel." The girdle still used in oriental countries for this purpose is often as much as fifteen feet in length, and from four to five feet in breadth. It is frequently made almost entirely of silk; but never among the Mohammedans altogether so, since, if wholly silken, it is regarded, according to the Koran, as "a girdle of condemnation." A few threads, however, of linen or cotton, intermingled with the silk, are considered sufficient. Girding up the loins simply means tucking the skirts of the outer garment into the girdle, so as to leave the lower limbs free for motion.

Seals; Sealing; Sealed Books. "Write in the king's name, and seal it with the king's ring; for the writing which is written in the king's name, and sealed with the king's ring, may no man reverse." The impression of a seal is used at this day in Egypt, and in the east, instead of a written signature. A name in those countries is never signed by way of authentication of any deed or writing. Just as when "Pharaoh took off his ring from off his hand, and put it

upon Joseph's hand," thereby empowering him at his pleasure to authenticate his commands with the stamp of royal authority; so is the practice now.

Thus, again, in oriental lands writings are now, as formerly, inscribed upon long rolls, which rolls are sealed; the seals, of course, requiring to be broken before the writing can be read; so that, at the present time, as in the days of old, if a man "deliver to one that is learned" one of these rolled books, saying, "Read this, I pray thee," the answer might be, "I can not, for it is sealed." Still, also, books, or written rolls, are sometimes sealed in a manner illustrative of the description given in the Apocalypse of the book "sealed with seven seals." That is to say, when the first seal is broken, the first portion of the roll can be read; but no further portion can be unrolled till the second seal shall have been broken, and so on throughout. It is customary to roll up the part already read with one hand, while you unroll the succeeding part with the other.

Mode of communicating with slaves or servants. "As the eyes of servants look unto the hand of their masters, and as the eyes of a maiden unto the hand of her mistress." When an Arab entertains guests at his table, he may be observed never to speak to the slave or other servant in attendance; and yet the attendant is made to understand exactly whatever he may be required to do. The host on such occasions holds up his hands and makes signs, or, as we say in English, telegraphs with his fingers to the slave, who perfectly comprehends, and instantly obeys every signal.

Method of measuring periods of labor. "As a servant earnestly desireth the shadow." It is the custom of the Arabs to work by relays; each man, or sometimes two men together, working for a certain time, and then resting while others take their turn. In order to measure the time, it is their custom to set up a wand, and to divide the space over which in the course of the day the shadow must pass, into certain compartments. The first set of laborers work during the time that the shadow takes in passing over the first of the compartments. When it crosses the dividing line, the next set address themselves to the work; and so on, through the day.

A double heart. "With flattering lips, and with a double heart do they speak." "Of Zebulun, such as went forth to battle, expert in war, with all instruments of war, fifty thousand which could keep rank: they were not of double heart." "Such a one has not a double heart," is to this day a proverbial expression among the orientals. A dragoman who is

suspected of defrauding his master, will say, pointing to his right side, "O! sure, I have not a heart *here!*"

Punishments. "Of the Jews five times received I forty stripes save one." An instrument of three lashes is often used in the east; thirteen strokes, of course, inflicting thirty-nine stripes.

Customs in use among professing prophets. "And he [Saul] went on and prophesied, till he came to Naioth in Ramah. And he stripped off his clothes, and prophesied before Samuel; and lay down naked all that day and all that night." Men professing to be prophets are still to be met with in the east wearing no clothing while prophesying. The boatmen of a recent traveler suddenly, on one occasion, left the boat and rushed up the banks of the river. On being followed by their employer and his companion, they were found having their fortunes told by one of these pretended seers, who, of course, prophesied to them nothing but "smooth things." One of them was to be every thing short of Pasha of Egypt.

There is another singularity about these professing prophets, which would seem to be illustrative of a passage in the prophecy of Micah. "Thus saith the Lord concerning the prophets that make my people err. He that putteth not into their mouths, they even prepare war against him." These deceivers of the people not only refuse to accept money unless, instead of being put into their hands, it be laid down before them; but neither will they take food, unless it be put into their mouths. They also generally carry about with them a sort of drum and pipe; the instruments, as some commentators think, of the "foolish shepherds" spoken of in the prophecy of Zechariah—"Take unto thee yet the instruments of a foolish shepherd."

The rod used in the counting and separating of flocks. "And I will bring you out from the people, and will gather you out of the countries wherein ye are scattered; . . . and I will bring you into the wilderness of the people; . . . and I will cause you to pass under the rod, and I will bring you into the bond of the covenant." Of the rod used in the east for the counting of flocks, separating of the tenth, etc., the under side is colored, so as to make a mark upon the cattle upon which it is laid. This would seem to be alluded to by the expression passing "under the rod" in the passage above quoted.

The Melayah or Mantle. "He took up also the mantle of Elijah that fell from him." The eastern sheik, or chief, when he retires or grows old, relinquishes his authority by giving his mantle to another.

The Tear-bottle. "Put thou my tears into thy bottle." The tear-bottle, still in use in the east, is a small vial which a person takes with him when he goes to visit a sick relative or dear friend. Any tears which the sufferer may shed are collected, as they drop, in this bottle, which is taken home with him by the visitor, and treasured up by him as a precious memorial of his sick or dying friend. A *visit of sympathy*, therefore, as well as affectionate and lasting remembrance, is alluded to in the passage above cited; surely, a beautiful addition to its signification.

Casting the shoe or sandal. "Over Edom will I cast out my shoe." Casting over it the shoe or sandal is

in eastern countries the established method of taking possession of a purchase of land.

Numerous other texts might be similarly illustrated; but the instances which have been given may serve to exemplify the nature and value of the aid derivable by a student of Scripture from an extensive acquaintance with the manners and customs of the east.

GOD'S LOVE.—"For God so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." John iii, 16.

Mr. Nott, missionary in the South Sea Islands, was on one occasion reading a portion of the Gospel of John to a number of the natives. When he had finished the sixteenth verse of the third chapter, a native, who had listened with avidity and joy to the words, interrupted him and said, "What words were those you read? What sounds were those I heard? Let me hear those words again." Mr. Nott again read the verse, "God so loved," etc., when the native rose from his seat and said, "Is that true? Can that be true? God love the world, when the world not love him. God so love the world, as to give his Son to die, that man might not die. Can that be true?" Mr. Nott again read the verse, "God so loved the world," etc., told him it was true, and that it was the message God had sent to them, and that whosoever believed in him, would not perish, but be happy after death. The overwhelming feelings of the wondering native were too powerful for expression or restraint. He burst into tears, and as these chased each other down his countenance, he retired to meditate in private on the amazing love of God, which had that day touched his soul; and there is every reason to believe he was afterward raised to share the peace and happiness resulting from the love of God shed abroad in his heart.

THANKSGIVING.—"O give thanks unto the Lord; for he is good: for his mercy endureth forever." Psalm cxxvi, 1.

This day, August 8, 1722, writes Ebenezer Erskine in his diary, I could not think there was the least spark of grace or good in me, or about me; and I was thinking that I should never see the Lord any more. But O the trophies and triumphs of free grace; for this night in family prayer the Lord did begin to loose my bonds, and both heart and tongue were loosed together, to my surprise; and it was ordered in providence, that, in my ordinary in secret this night I did sing Psalm cxxvi, where twenty-six times it is repeated, "His grace and mercy never faileth;" and O, the repetition of this word at every other line was sweet. I began to hope that I shall sing it as a new song through eternity, that "His grace never faileth, his mercy endureth forever." And I think that none in heaven will have more occasion to raise their halleluiahs of praise to free grace than I have."

DELIGHT IN CHRIST.—Those that can bring themselves to delight in Christ know most of his ways. Love is the best entertainer of truth, and when it is not entertained in the love of it, being so lovely as it is, it leaveth the heart, and will stay no longer.

Notes and Queries.

HEBREW PARALLELISMS IN THE NEW TESTAMENT.—

The Hebrew style of thought and expression is nearly as well marked in the writers of the New Testament as in those of the Old. The New Testament writers spoke and wrote the Greek language, but their modes of thinking and expression were of the Hebrew type, not of the Greek. Familiar from childhood with the Jewish Scriptures, and educated in the literature of no other people, it is not strange that they thought and wrote in the style that they had learned from Moses, and David, and Isaiah, rather than in that of Homer, and Plato, and Demosthenes, of whom, though they used the language of those writers, they knew scarcely more than the names.

One noted peculiarity of the Hebrew style, is the parallelism of their poetry. This peculiarity is found not only in the poetical books proper, but in impassioned language in the prose writers, as for example in the dying blessing of Jacob, and the "parables" of Balaam. Traces of this parallelism are easily recognized in those passages of the New Testament in which there is a professed imitation of the old prophetic style, as in the virgin's Song of Thanksgiving, and in Zacharias's prophecy at the birth of the Baptist. But it is not often noticed that the same parallelism, or *stichic* construction, runs through numerous passages which are ordinarily regarded as simply *prose*. In the following instances, which might be indefinitely multiplied, how much more clearly and beautifully the meaning is brought out, than when the sentences run on unbroken into members!

"Whosoever heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them,
I will liken him unto a wise man
Which built his house upon a rock,
And the rain descended,
And the floods came,
And the winds blew,
And beat upon that house;
And it fell not: for it was founded upon a rock.

And every one that heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them not,
Shall be likened unto a foolish man,
Which built his house upon the sand:
And the rain descended,
And the floods came,
And the winds blew,
And beat upon that house;
And it fell: and great was the fall of it."

Matthew vii, 24-27.

In the following passages, on the subject of humility, we have, first, three distichs, each consisting of a precept and a reason for it; and, secondly, a set of three distichs, of which the first is a parallelism, and the other two antithetic precepts:

"But be ye not called Rabbi:
For one is your Master, even Christ;
And all ye are brethren.
And call no man your father upon the earth:
For one is your Father which is in heaven.
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Neither be ye called masters:

For one is your Master, even Christ."

Matt. xxiii, 8-10.

"The princes of the Gentiles exercise dominion over them,
And they that are great exercise authority upon them.

But it shall not be so among you:
But whosoever will be great among you,
Let him be your minister;
And whosoever will be chief among you,
Let him be your servant."

Matt. xx, 25-27.

The preceding are more complex or extended systems of stichic composition than are usually found in the New Testament; but very frequent are single verses, or two together, which may be resolved into members after the Hebrew model. The following will suffice as examples:

"O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, which killest the prophets,
And stonest them that are sent unto thee;
How often would I have gathered thy children together,
As a hen doth gather her brood under her wings,
And ye would not!

Behold your house is left unto you desolate."

Luke xiii, 34.

"Ye men of Judea,
And all ye that dwell at Jerusalem,
Be this known unto you,
And hearken to my words."

Acts ii, 14.

W. G. W.'s.

TO WRITE OVER OR UNDER ONE'S SIGNATURE?—The latter form is correct. "Over one's signature" seems to convey the idea that first the signature was written and then the document to be authenticated by it inscribed above it. The true meaning of the phrase is, that the writing goes out stamped with the authority of one's signature—it appears *under the attestation* of one's name, and, if need be, seal.

JACOB'S AGE AT HIS MARRIAGE.—A correspondent from Mt. Holyoke Seminary, Massachusetts, sends the following answer to the question in the December number: Jacob was seventy-seven years of age when he apprenticed himself to Laban; consequently at the time of his first marriage he was eighty-four years old.

A. C. L.

THE ARABIC LANGUAGE.—This language is one of the most copious and facile known. The alphabet has twenty-nine letters, and there are 120,000 words in the language; whereas, in the English language there are but 65,000 words. In some respects, however, it is too copious. For the sword there are 150 names; for an old woman, 160; for the hyenn, 120; and for the lion, camel, and horse, even more. It is said that a great Arabic poet is only expected to write fifty or sixty lines; but this would seem hardly probable, with such a copious language.

CURIOUS MARRIAGE NOTICE.—In the London Magazine for May, 1735, p. 279, is the following entry of a marriage: "— Hargrave, Esq., of New Bondstreet, to Miss Reynolds and £8,000 fortune." At that period it was usual to insert the fortunes of ladies

along with their marriage, and also to state the amount of money left by persons at their death, but then marriages and deaths of great and wealthy persons only found insertions in the periodicals. When did it become general to insert "births, deaths, and marriages" in the newspapers?

HUMAN SYMPATHY IN HEAVEN.—See theological questions in the October number.—I am no "theologian," no "writer," yet I would like to know if the opinion which I had formed upon this subject, differing somewhat from any that I have heard expressed, is correct, or at least if it coincides with yours and others who have given the matter an examination. The three questions appear to be so connected as to be involved in one idea; namely, "Will human sympathy exist in heaven?" The word *sympathy* means "feeling with." It is used to express the emotions of pleasure or pain which we experience from perceiving these emotions in others. Human sympathy, arising from our threefold nature, may be physical, intellectual, or moral. Any one of these may exist independent of the other, or may be combined with one or more of them, and all are modified by local circumstances and social relations.

We see a fellow-being suffering by disease or violence, and we suffer involuntarily; yet more or less according to circumstances. If it be a stranger we pity and assist him, and even feel, to a certain extent, his pains; if a neighbor and acquaintance, it comes nearer to us and we feel more keenly; but if it is a parent, companion, or child, every groan sends a pang through us, perhaps no less severe than that which tortures the loved one, and so powerful is the emotion in some cases that it has been known to produce similar symptoms, and even death.

We can read with comparative indifference the history of ancient battles in remote countries, but the blood curdles in our veins and our hearts ache from fullness at the recital of the horrors resulting from the recent war in Italy; yet what are these emotions compared with what they would be if our fathers and husbands, our brothers and sons lay weltering on the battle-field?

Again: physical sympathy is modified by the intellectual or moral character of the sufferer. We see a man who has extinguished his intellect and degraded his soul by sensual indulgence, reaping the fruit of his own hands' sowing, to a certain extent, in disease and anguish; but we see the writhing of such a victim, however much we may deprecate the ruin of mind and soul, with indifference, compared with what we should do if the sufferer were an innocent child, dying in agony from inherited disease, or from the neglect or abuse of brutal parents.

The exercise of intellectual sympathy is more extensive than that of the merely physical; it takes a deeper hold upon the feelings, is more enduring, and is less affected by local and social circumstances. We read the ancient poets with the same pleasure of imagination which inspired them, and enter as fully into their spirit as though surrounded by the scenery and circumstances which suggested them.

We participate labors, trials, and disappointments of martyrs to science in ages gone by, and mourn for

them as for friends, though not so much because of their dying as that they must die before they had demonstrated the truth of their favorite ideas, which were to become invaluable legacies to mankind.

We trace the progress of art and science in all ages and all countries with an interest which the circumstances of time and place affect but little, and which almost forgets the mere bodily toils and privations of inventors and discoverers in the sublime enjoyment of the inventions and discoveries.

These physical and intellectual joys and sorrows are strong bonds of universal brotherhood, yet there is a stronger still in the moral or religious element of our natures; this controls all our truest and most permanent associations, overcomes literary and social distinctions, unites the pure and holy of all time, upon the one hand, and the vile and degraded upon the other, irrespective of all other considerations.

The good of to-day, as they read the glorious inspirations of the prophets and apostles, feel their souls elevated and purified by the same spirit, and they recognize in these, "of whom the world was not worthy," more than brothers according to the flesh—heirs to the same blessed inheritance, children of their heavenly Father.

Their hearts burn within them, as did those of the disciples, while they talk of the beautiful life, the shameful death, and the glorious resurrection of the Savior, and the contemplation of the noble army of the martyrs, who had died in the faith, fills the soul with higher and purer enjoyment than the body can experience or the mind appreciate.

We find that our domestic attachments, strong as we are accustomed to regard them, are, to a great degree, the results of natural instinct, local circumstances, and social necessities, and that they are easily influenced by a change in any of these conditions. The mother looks upon her child as a part of herself; loves it, not because of its mental or moral worth, but because it is *hers*. She feels every sorrow of the little one, and every expression of delight meets with a full response in her own bosom; yet by degrees she becomes conscious of its separate existence, and she learns to look upon it more as an independent being, and to comprehend its nature as such.

She finds her constant anxiety for its mere physical welfare diminishing, and its place supplied, if she is a true mother, by a care for its mental and moral development.

A "mother's love" is proverbial, and of all merely human affections it comes nearest to the love which "never faileth;" yet powerful as it is, personal suffering or moral degradation has changed this love to cruelty and made the mother the murderer of her own child.

Instinct—natural affection would induce in parents an equal love for all their children, yet there are few families that are not deviations from this equality; and however wrong this may sometimes be, it is but the natural result of some strong affinity. Other things being equal, the hearts of those parents who love truth and goodness will find themselves in closer union, in more perfect harmony with the obedient and gentle child than with the wayward and unprincipled; and though their souls may yearn over the

wanderer from home and from God as the child of their love, their care, and their prayers, yet they can not help feeling that a great gulf has begun to form between them, which only the reformation of the erring one can annihilate.

Husbands and wives, once apparently very devoted; sometimes become entirely alienated; children often forget their duties to their parents to such an extent as to leave them to want; and the frequent estrangement of brothers and sisters, caused by envy, ambition, or a love of money, show how slight a bond is mere natural relationship.

From these and other considerations we must conclude that human sympathy is not absolute but relative—not arbitrary but contingent; that our domestic relations are, to a great degree, physical and instinctive—ordained for the production and sustenance of the race, and for the advancement of social and national interests, and also that the sympathy of our moral natures is, by far, the strongest that can influence us.

With our present life closes our physical existence, and also all relations which result from it or are dependent upon it, those only remaining which are spiritual, whether in conjunction with or in opposition to these relations. If our spiritual attachments are in unison with our social relations and mental preferences, they are much stronger here than they could otherwise be, and in a future state may become so refined as to strengthen the elevated union of kindred souls in heaven and increase their happiness, though this will not be so much the result of the *existence* of these relations as of their refinement and spirituality. If, on the other hand, there is no moral likeness, no true sympathy of soul between us and those who are allied to us by natural ties, we shall find that our union with them, even here, is constantly diminishing under a stronger influence; and it is doing no violence to this law of our nature, which is apparent, to conclude that this separation of feeling will increase in proportion to the strength of earthly influences, then wanting, and to the increased perception of justice and crime.

Hence, it appears to me, that "human sympathy" will not exist in heaven as the legitimate result of the laws by which we find our physical, intellectual, and moral natures to be governed even here; and if such were not the results of these laws—so far as we might be able to perceive—we might find a satisfactory answer to the inquiry in the fact that we shall see God "as he is," and "shall be like him." We shall see sin as he sees it, and shall be able to comprehend the justice by which it is punished. We shall acquiesce in the administration of his government in every department, and "thy will be done" will be the constant language, the all-pervading and controlling sentiment of our souls to all eternity. H. S. P.

POLITICAL GAMUT.—In 1815 the French newspapers announced the departure of Bonaparte from Elba, his progress through France, and his entry into Paris, in the following manner: "March 9.—The Anthropophagus has quitted his den. March 10.—The Corsican Ogre has landed at Cape Juan. March 11.—The Tiger has arrived at Gap. March 12.—The Monster slept at Grenoble. March 13.—The Tyrant

has passed through Lyons. March 14.—The Usurper is directing his steps toward Dijon, but the brave and loyal Burgundians have risen *en masse*, and surrounded him on all sides. March 18.—Bonaparte is only sixty leagues from the capital; he has been fortunate enough to escape the hands of his pursuers. March 19.—Bonaparte is advancing with rapid steps, but he will never enter Paris. March 20.—Napoleon will, to-morrow, be under our ramparts. March 21.—The Emperor is at Fontainebleau. March 22.—His Imperial and Royal Majesty yesterday evening arrived at the Tuilleries, amid the joyful acclamations of his devoted and faithful subjects."

SOLUTION OF MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.—See December Number, 1859.

Given $x^2 + y = 11$ (1)

$x + y^2 = 7$ (2) to find the values of x and y .

x in equation (2) $= 7 - y^2$

hence $x^2 = y^4 - 14y^2 + 49$.

Substituting this value of x^2 in equation (1) and transposing and uniting, we have

$y^4 - 14y^2 + y + 38 = 0$. Factoring will give

$(y^2 + 2y - 10y - 19)(y - 2) = 0$.

Dividing by first factor $y - 2 = 0$

$y = 2$.

Substituting this value of y in equation (2) will give $x = 3$. F. B. F.

Solutions have also been received from A. C. H., Lodi, Ill., and D. W. B., Lebanon, Ill., and others.

INSANITY OF BRUTES.—Some months since a query appeared in the Repository, "Do brutes ever become insane?" An elephant on exhibition at Williamsburg, New York, a short time ago was seized with a fit of insanity, singling out horses as the objects of his dislike. He is said by his keepers to be subject to such fits annually; and the only point of difference perceptibly distinguishing them from human madness is, that he is cured by torture. Will some correspondent please to push the inquiry farther? PHX.

TRESPASS VS. DEBT IN THE LORD'S PRAYER.—What authority does there exist for always using the word "trespass" instead of "debt," in reciting the Lord's Prayer? The two words have very different significations, "debt" covering all sins of omission, as well as all others for which reparation is due, and "trespass" only bearing the sense of a sin of commission; so that half the power of the petition is taken away by the corruption. Does *βουλομαι*—*βουλήματα*—ever signify an act of aggression? PHX.

WEBSTER AND THE WORD MAUGER.—Dr. Webster says that "mauger" is used only in burlesque. How are we to understand such passages as Paradise Lost, iii, 154:

"I through the ample air in triumph high
Shall lead hell captive mauger hell, and show
The powers of darkness bound."

Or Shakspeare, Twelfth Night, Act iii, Sc. 1:

"Cesario, by the roses of the spring,
By maidhood, honor, truth, and every thing;
I love thee so, that mauger all thy pride,
Nor wit nor reason can my passion hide."

Is the restriction of the word to burlesque a modern distinction? PHX.

Children's Corner.

LITTLE ANNIE'S PRAYER, OR THE BLUE AND THE PINK TICKET.—One Sabbath afternoon I had been talking of prayer to the sixty dear children who gather in my infant school. I said that "it is not praying, unless we mind the things we say;" and that "God, for our Savior's sake, listens to the wants of even his little children." Then, with folded hands, closed eyes, and low voices, we all said, "Our Father who art in heaven," and I dismissed the school.

As the scholars, one after another, left their seats, all paused to say, "Good-by, teacher," till it came to little Annie's turn. She lingered one moment, then pressed close to my side, and looking up in my face with earnest eyes, said,

"Miss A—, if we ask God for any thing that we want very much, will he give it to us?"

I had only time to answer, "Yes, dear," and she was gone.

Another six days, and the bright Sabbath afternoon found teachers and scholars assembled once more in the school-room. The hours passed quickly by. Each child had received a ticket, for they were all good, and, of course, happy. In our school every little boy and girl who is quiet and attentive gets a ticket, and after they have four blue ones, a large pink one; and then after four pink ones, comes a beautiful book, full of pictures and stories, to keep for their own.

This day, as I was about to say "good-by" to little Annie, I thought she looked rather sorrowful. I asked her if she were not well. One second she was silent, and then said, with tearful eyes and quivering lips—

"Yes, ma'am. But you did not tell me true last Sunday. God will not hear me when I pray."

I put my arms around the dear child, and after the others had gone, I took her on my lap and said—

"Now, my darling, tell me all about it."

"O, Miss A., you know next Sunday the books are to be given out, and I have only three pink tickets and three blue ones—because one Sunday I was not here and did not get any, and I want the book so much. So last Sunday I ran home as fast as I could, took off my bonnet quick, ran up stairs, and when I had shut the door I knelt down by a chair and turned all the white sides of my tickets up, and then I prayed to God as hard as I could to make one of my blue tickets turn pink. But when I looked they were all the same color yet. Then I thought perhaps I did not mind enough the things I said. So I put the white sides up again and prayed. I told God how much I wanted the book, how happy it would make me; and I said what you told us, to 'ask and ye shall receive.' But it is not of any use, for here they are now—three of each color;" and she opened her little hand while the tears streamed fast down her rosy cheeks.

I quietly took one of her blue tickets, and in its place I put a new bright pink one, on which were these words: "I write unto you, little children, be-

cause your sins are forgiven you for his name's sake," and said, "Annie, that ticket is yours. Has not God answered your prayer, dear—though not in the way you expected?" The little face was quickly upturned to mine, while a happy smile took the place of the tear-drops.

Then I tried to explain to Annie—as I would love to explain to you, dear little readers—that our heavenly Father does hear the prayers of his children, and that it is right that you should go to him with all your little sorrows and troubles, just as you do to your father and mother in this world—though oftentimes he will see fit to deny your requests for your own good, and, again, oftentimes answers them in a way you least expect. God does not work miracles any longer upon earth. He did not turn the blue paper pink. But he put it into the heart of little Annie to tell her teacher of her wants, and the longed-for ticket was hers, and next Sabbath she received her new book; and I trust she will never forget, when she turns over its pages, that it was a gift from her heavenly Father, who sent his own Son into the world to die for little children.

You, too, my young readers, remember that God's ear is always open to hear even the tiniest child that prays unto him.

LITTLE THINGS.

A THOUGHT is but a little thing,
That nobody can see;
Yet a real joy or sorrowing,
That thought may come to be.

A word! O, what can well be less!
And yet by every one
There comes sweet peace or bitterness,
A good or ill is done.

An action! all the little deeds
That ripple through the day,
What right or wrong from each proceeds,
Before they pass away!

Great God, my action, word, and thought
Are all observed by thee;
May I, by thy good Spirit taught,
Live always carefully!

MARY DUNCAN AND HER LITTLE BROTHER.—When Mary Lundie Duncan was about four years old, her little brother struck her on the cheek in a fit of anger. She instantly turned the other cheek and said mildly, "There, Corie." The uplifted hand was dropped; and when the child was asked who taught her to do that, she replied that she heard papa read it one morning out of the Bible at prayer-time.

"I say unto you, That ye resist not evil: but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also." Matt. v, 39.

"Love suffers long with patient eye,
Nor is provoked in haste;
She lets the present injury die,
And long forgets the past."

THE FAITH OF CHILDHOOD.—Why can not we who profess to be "as such" have as simple and firm faith as "these little ones?" Among other petitions in morning devotions at school one frequently was, "If it is thy will, heavenly Father, preserve us to-day from accidents and dangers." One family of children, who had some distance and rather a lonely way to come, were very timid—made so, perhaps, by a mother's fearful anxiety. Not long after the term commenced the little brother of eight came home cheerful with the responsible care of two younger sisters, saying, "Mother, you need n't worry any about us while we are gone to school this summer." "Why, my dear?" "Because the teacher prays every morning for God to take care of us; so I do n't think any thing bad can happen us." M. M. A.

A PLACE IN THE BIBLE WHERE THEY ARE ALL METHODISTS.—Our little boy came to me one day, after he

had been reading in the Bible, exclaiming, "Pa, pa, I have found a place in the Bible where they were all Methodists!" "How so?" said I. "Because all the people said, amen." J. W. A.

GOD'S EYE.—One day, when about three years old, the heart of our little Anna seemed filled with a strange yearning to see God. "O, mamma, where is God? I do want to see him so bad," she said with pleading tone and gushing tears. I strove to soothe her, telling her God was in heaven. She left me and climbed up to the window, where she remained for over an hour looking intently upward, saying she was "watching for God." It was a very dark day—since morning the sun had been veiled with clouds. At length it suddenly burst forth, and for a moment looked out clear and beautiful. Wild with delight Anna exclaimed, "Mamma, mamma, I see God's eye!" E. A. B. M.

Wayside Cleanings.

PUT WATTS INTO THEM.—A correspondent of the Baptist (English) Magazine, narrates the following incident of the Revolution: "A party of British soldiers having fired into the parsonage of a Presbyterian minister named Caldwell, in Connecticut, and shot his wife, who was at prayers with her infant—though, I believe, there is some doubt as to the intention—the exasperated minister turned out and fought like a fury in the ranks of his townsmen. The ammunition of the patriots, in the article of wadding, failing them at a critical moment, the minister rushes into the chapel, and soon reappears bearing in his arms a pile of hymn-books, which he scatters along the line of combatants, exclaiming, 'Now, my lads, put Watts [wads] into them!' After this, it is unnecessary to say which party was victorious."

REMOVING THE CAPITAL.—One of the most amusing scenes in the Legislature of Pennsylvania occurred on a motion to remove the capital of the state from Harrisburg to Philadelphia. A matter-of-fact member from the rural districts, who had heard of the great facility with which brick houses are moved from one part of a city to another, and who had not the least idea that any thing but moving the state-house was in contemplation, rose and said:

"Mr. Speaker, I have no objection to the motion, but I do n't see how on airth you are going to git it over the river."

TWO OBJECTIONS TO FIGHTING A DUEL.—In his "Cyclopedia of Wit and Humor," Mr. Burton quotes from a work published in 1797, entitled, "Modern Chivalry," the following reply to a challenge: "Sir, I have two objections to this duel matter; the one is, lest I should hurt you; and the other is, lest you should hurt me. I do not see what good it would do me to put a bullet through any part of your body. I could make no use of you when dead for any culinary purpose, as I would a rabbit or a turkey. I am no cannibal, to feed on the flesh of men. Why,

then, shoot down a human creature, of which I can make no use? A buffalo would be better meat; for, though your flesh may be delicate and tender, yet it wants that firmness and consistency which takes and retains salt. At any rate, it would not be fit for long sea voyages. You might make a good barbecue, it is true, being of the nature of a raccoon or an opossum; but people are not in the habit of barbecuing any thing human now. As to your hide, it is not worth taking off, being little better than that of a year-old colt."

THE FAST MAN AND THE ECCENTRIC PREACHER.—A "fast" man undertook the task of teasing an eccentric preacher.

"Do you believe," he said, "in the story of the prodigal son and the fattened calf?"

"Yes," said the preacher.

"Well, then, was it a male or female calf that was killed?"

"A female," promptly replied the divine.

"How do you know that?"

"Because"—looking the interrogator steadily in the face—"I see that the male is alive now."

MR. PEPPER'S FRIENDS.—A son of Douglass Jerrold gives the following pun as having been perpetrated by the great wit. He went to a party at which a Mr. Pepper had assembled all his friends. Jerrold said to his host, on entering the room, "My dear Mr. Pepper, how glad you must be to see all your friends mustered!"

DOUGLASS JERROLD ON PEWS.—What a sermon might we not preach upon these little boxes! small abiding-places of earthly satisfaction, sanctuaries for self-complacency—in God's own house, the chosen chambers for man's self-glorification! What an instructive colloquy might not the bare deal bench of the poor church-goer hold with the soft-cushioned seat of the miserable sinners who chariot it to prayers, and with their souls arrayed in sackcloth and ashes, yet kneel in silk and miniver!

THE WAY TO A WOMAN'S HEART.—The same wit says: "The surest way to a woman's heart is to take aim kneeling."

GUNSHOT WOUNDS.—One of the editors of the Tribune, in an article on brave men confesses—"We never went into battle, for various reasons, of which the most important are, *that we had rather live than die, and that gun-shot wounds are considered dangerous by the doctors!*"

THE COCKROACH IN VERSE.—A work has recently appeared in England entitled, "The Insect Hunters, or Entomology in Verse," written in the peculiar versification of Hiawatha. Here is the poet's account of an unpoetical insect:

"Next in order the cockroaches
Swarming in our country kitchens,
In the cupboard, in the pantry,
In the bread-pan, in the meat-safe,
Every kind of food devouring,
Every kind of food defiling,
And most disagreeably smelling,
Greedy gluttons, eating all things,
Hiding always in the day-time,
Hating daylight, hating sunshine,
Up and eating in the night-time.
Their antennæ long and tapering,
Long and thin and very thread-like,
Very, very many-jointed,
Head bent down beneath the thorax,
Fore-wings large and tough and leathery,
Folding over one another,
Folding over both the hind wings;
These are folded, too, beneath them,
And all lying on the body;
Their legs are alike and simple,
Formed for running, not for leaping,
And their feet are all five-jointed—
Such are cockroaches *Blattina*."

APPRENTICED TO THEIR MOTHER.—It was a judicious resolution of a father, as well as a most pleasing compliment to his wife, when on being asked what he intended to do with his girls, he replied, "I intend to apprentice them to their excellent mother, that they may learn the art of improving time, and be fitted to become, like her, wives, mothers, and heads of families, and useful members of society."

MRS. ELLIS'S TALK TO THE "LITTLE DEARS."—My pretty little dears, you are no more fit for matrimony than a pullet is to look after a family of fourteen chickens. The truth is, my dear girls, you want, generally speaking, more liberty and less fashionable restraint, more kitchen and less parlor, more leg exercise and less sofa, more making puddings and less piano, more frankness and less mock-modesty, more breakfast and less bustle. I like the buxom, bright-eyed, rosy-checked, full-breasted, bouncing lass, who can darn stockings, make her own frocks, mend trousers, command a regiment of pots, and be a lady withal in the drawing-room. But as for your pinning, moping, screwed-up, wasp-waisted, putty-faced, music-murdering, novel-devouring daughters of fashion and idleness, with your consumption-soled slippers, silk stockings, and calico skirts, you won't do for the future wives and mothers of our land.

OPPOSITION AND USES OF DIFFERENT MINDS.—There is a strong disposition in men of opposite minds to

despise each other. A grave man can not conceive what is the use of wit in society; a person who takes a strong common-sense view of the subject is for pushing out by the head and shoulders an ingenious theorist, who catches at the slightest and faintest analogies; and another man, who scents the ridiculous from afar, will hold no commerce with him who tests exquisitely the fine feeling of the heart, and is alive to nothing else; whereas talent is talent, and mind is mind in all its branches. Wit gives to life one of its best flavors, common-sense leads to immediate action, and gives to society its daily motion; large and comprehensive views cause its annual rotation; ridicule chastises folly and imprudence, and keeps men in their proper sphere; subtilty seizes hold of the fine threads of truth; analogy darts away in the most sublime discoveries; feeling paints all the exquisite passions of man's soul, and rewards him, by a thousand inward visitations, for the sorrows that come from without. God made it all! It is all good! We must despise no sort of talent; they all have their separate duties and uses—all the happiness of man for their object; they all improve, exalt, and gladden life.

PAID IN HIS OWN COIN.—At a hotel a girl inquired of a gentleman at the table if his cup was out.

"No," said he, "but my coffee is."

The girl was confused; but she determined to pay him back in his own coin if occasion should look up. While at dinner the stage drove up, and several coming in the gentleman asked—

"Does the stage dine here?"

"No, sir," replied the girl, laughing, "but the passengers do."

The gentleman good-humoredly acknowledged the sell.

OVERMUCH SALT.—Arguments are the salt of life; but as salt is good at a pinch and not in buckets full, so you should not argue overmuch.

LEARN ITS VALUE BY ITS LOSS.—If a man has failed to estimate the affection of a true-hearted wife, he will be very likely to mark the value of his loss when the heart which he loved is stilled by death.

GRAVE OF WASHINGTON.—There is a grave sarcasm in the following lines. Shameful to our country is its neglect of the home and grave of Washington. May the Mount Vernon Association succeed in casting this obloquy from us!

"Dead millionaires at Greenwood

Lie royally in state,

Their tombs have rich appointments—

Marble sculpture, metal gate;

But the grave of Pater Patrie

Is desolate and bare,

Though it nets on exhibition

A nice income for his heir.

The groves of England's Windsor

No woodman's ax invades;

They stand as when the Tudors

Chased deer beneath their shades,

But the forests of Mount Vernon,

Guarding Washington's remains,

Are being sold on speculation,

To be peddled out in canes."

Domestic Economy.

HOW TO CURE COLDS.—Hall's Journal of Health says the moment a man is satisfied that he has taken cold, let him do three things: 1. Eat nothing. 2. Go to bed, cover up warm, in a warm room. 3. Drink as much cold water as he can and as he wants, or as much hot herb tea as he can, and in three cases out of four he will be almost well in thirty-six hours.

If he does nothing for his cold for forty-eight hours after the cough commences, there is nothing that he can swallow that will, by any possibility, do him any good; for the cold, with such a start, will run its course of about a fortnight, in spite of all that can be done, and what is swallowed in the mean time in the way of physic, is a hinderance and not a good.

"Feed a cold and starve a fever," is a mischievous fallacy. A cold always brings a fever; the cold never beginning to get well till the fever subsides; but every mouthful swallowed is that much more fuel to feed the fever, and, but for the fact that as soon as a cold is fairly seated, nature, in a kind of desperation, steps in and takes away the appetite, the commonest cold would be followed by very serious results, and in frail people would be almost always fatal.

These things being so, the very fact of waiting forty-eight hours, gives time for the cold to fix itself in the system; for a cold does not usually cause a cough till a day or two has past, and then waiting two days longer, gives it the fullest chance to do its work before any thing is done.

WHEN TO WEAR INDIA RUBBERS.—We have noticed that many persons wear India rubber over-shoes in cold, dry weather, to keep their feet warm. This is an injurious and evil practice. India rubber shoes are very comfortable and valuable for covering the feet during wet, sloppy weather, but they should never be worn on any other occasion—their sole use should be to keep out water. They should, therefore, be put off whenever the wearer enters a house, and be worn as little as possible, because they are airtight, and both retain and restrain the perspiration of the feet. The air can not be excluded from them, or from any other portion of the body for any length of time, without sensibly affecting the health. It is our opinion that no habit tends more to good health than clean feet and clean, dry stockings, so as to allow the free perspiration of the nether extremities.—*Sci. American.*

ALMOND CUSTARD.—One pint of new milk or cream; one teacup of white sugar; one quarter of a pound of almonds, blanched and pounded; two spoonfuls of rose-water; yolks of four eggs—stir these ingredients in a spider, over a slow fire, till it is the consistency of cream, then remove it quickly to a deep dish or cups. Beat the whites of the eggs with a little sugar, a few drops of essence, and lay lightly on the top.

M. L. S.

MINCE PIES.—Take a piece of puff paste, roll to the thickness of a penny piece; butter the pans lightly; line the pans with puff paste, place in the mince meat made as desired; trim and wet the edges of the paste with milk, cover with the paste, trim, press the edges closely and crimp, prick a hole in the center of the top, egg, and dust some fine white sugar over. Bake for twenty minutes in a moderate oven.

GOLDEN PIE.—Take one lemon, grate the peel, and squeeze the pulp and juice in a bowl—be sure to remove every seed—to which add one teacup of white sugar, one teacup of new milk, one tablespoonful of powdered starch, and the yolks of three eggs, well beaten; pour this mixture into a nice paste crust, and bake slowly. Beat the whites of three eggs to a stiff froth, and when the pie is just done, pour it over the top evenly, and return to the oven, just to stiffen, not brown.

M. L. S.

A RICH CORN-BREAD.—Take two quarts corn meal, one quart wheat flour, a little salt, and four eggs; add sour butter-milk enough to form a stiff batter; mix well; then add two teaspoonfuls of soda dissolved in a little warm water. Stir it well and pour it into greased pans, so that it will be about two inches thick when baked. Bake in a hot oven till done—say about half an hour.

INDIAN TOAST.—Place two quarts of milk over the fire. When it boils, add a spoonful of flour to thicken, a teaspoonful of salt, a small lump of butter, two tablespoonfuls of sugar. Have ready in a deep dish six or eight slices of light Indian bread toasted. Pour the mixture over them. Serve hot.

SCOURING KNIVES.—A small, clean potato, with the end cut off, is a very convenient medium of applying brick-dust to knives, keeping it about the right moisture, while the juice of the potato assists in removing stains from the surface. We can get a better polish by this method than by any other we have tried, and with less labor.

TO KEEP PRESERVES.—Apply the white of an egg, with a suitable brush, to a single thickness of white tissue paper, with which cover the jars, overlapping the edges an inch or two; when dry, the whole will become as tight as a drum. To prevent jams, preserves, etc., from graining, a teaspoonful of cream of tartar must be added to every gallon of the jam or preserves.

STOVE POLISH.—Make a weak alum water, and mix your British luster with it; let the stove be cold, and brush it with the mixture; then take a dry brush and luster, and rub the stove till it is dry. Should any part, before polishing, become so dry as to look gray, moisten it with a wet brush, and proceed as before. By two applications a year it can be kept as bright as a coach body.

Items, Literary, Scientific, and Religious.

SOUTHERN INDIA AND CEYLON.—At a general conference of missionaries convened at Ootacamund, and representing nearly all the Protestant Evangelical missionary societies, the following statistics of the results of missionary labor in southern India and Ceylon were reported:

1. More than 100,000 have abandoned idolatry and been gathered into Christian congregations.
2. More than 65,000 have received Christian baptism.
3. More than 15,000 have been received as communicants.
4. More than 500 natives, exclusive of schoolmasters, have become Christian teachers to their countrymen.
5. More than 41,000 boys in the mission schools are receiving a Christian education.
6. More than 11,000 girls have already been rescued from that gross ignorance and deep degradation to which so many millions of their sex in India seem to be hopelessly condemned.

In addition to these results we may reckon the important work of planting Churches, of translation, and of the production and growth of a Christian literature. When we compare these results with the scantiness of the agencies and the short time they have been employed, they convey to us confident assurance of the ultimate triumph of the Gospel in those regions of the valley of the shadow of death.

WASHINGTON IRVING.—This distinguished author, for so many years identified with the literary history of his country, died at his residence at Sunnyside on the Hudson river, November 28, 1859. His disease was an affection of the heart, and his death was sudden. He was nearly seventy-seven years of age, having been born April 3, 1783. His literary career began when he was scarcely twenty; and from that time till within two or three years his contributions to the press have been uninterrupted. Such was the geniality and freshness of his writings that we never could think of him as an old man; and his last work—*The Life of Washington*—exhibits as much vigor and more polish than even the best efforts of his earlier manhood. Much of his life was spent abroad, and a number of his works made their first appearance in England. In 1830 he received one of the two fifty-guinea gold medals provided for by George IV, for eminence in historical composition; and the University of Oxford soon after conferred upon him their rarest honor, the degree of doctor of laws. Washington Irving, more than any one else, perhaps, has contributed to bring our American literature into repute and circulation abroad; and the proud question of the Edinburgh Review, "Who reads an American book?" may now be replaced by the more astonished query, "Who does not read an American book?"

CAMPHOR.—This substance is the produce of the *lawrus camphora*, or camphor laurel, of Japan and

China. The roots and wood of the tree are chopped up and boiled with water in an iron vessel, to which an earthen head containing straw is adapted, and the camphor sublimes and condenses upon the straw. In China, the chopped branches are boiled in water till the camphor begins to adhere to the stirrer; the liquor is then strained, and the camphor concretes on standing; it is afterward mixed with a finely-powdered earth and sublimed from one metallic vessel into another. Two kinds of unrefined or crude camphor are known in commerce, Dutch or Japan camphor, and China camphor. It is chiefly produced in the island of Formosa and conveyed in junks to Canton, whence the foreign markets are supplied. Crude camphor very much resembles moist sugar before it is cleaned. It is refined and converted into the beautiful, well-known article sold in the shops, by sublimation. This process is carried on in spheroidal vessels called *bamboloes*. They are made of thin flint glass, and weigh about one pound each, and measure about twelve inches across. Each vessel has a short neck. When filled with crude camphor they are imbedded in a sand bath and heated to a temperature of from 250 degrees to 280 degrees, which is afterward raised to between 300 degrees and 400 degrees. About two per cent. of quick-lime and two parts bone-black, in fine powder, are added to the melted camphor, and the heat raised so as to boil the liquid. The vapor condenses in the upper part of the vessel. As the sublimation proceeds, the height of the sand around the vessel is diminished. The process is completed in about forty hours. The vessel being removed from the sand bath, the mouth is closed with tow, and in this hot state water is sprinkled over them and they crack. When quite cold the cake of camphor, weighing about eleven pounds, is removed and trimmed, by paring and scraping into the form of large hemispherical cakes, perforated in the middle. In this process the lime retains the impurities and a portion of the camphor; the latter is recovered by heating the mixture in an iron pot, with a head to it, and the product is refined by a second sublimation. The factory where camphor is refined has its temperature maintained at about 150 degrees, and the atmosphere is generally charged with camphor vapor. The sand baths are, therefore, heated in baths of fusible metal, kept at a proper temperature from a furnace outside. Each bambolo or flask is covered with a glass shade to prevent the escape of as much vapor as possible, and also to exclude the air, which would render the camphor opaque. There is also an essential oil contained in the crude camphor, which is driven off before sublimation.

ASSYRIAN SCULPTURES IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.—The latest importation of the Ninevitic slabs have been arranged in the Assyrian collection at the British Museum, and now claim attention among the chief ornaments of that unique gallery. These sculptures represent, as usual, a superabundant number of

battle scenes and mythological groups; but number a very fair proportion of pictures representing the pursuits of the chase, lion-hunting in chariots, and lion-baiting with dogs. The drawing is in many cases of exquisite beauty. One of these slabs, indeed, portraying the pursuit of wild asses or quaggas, and another in which numerous antelopes especially figure, altogether surpass any thing we have yet seen, and furnish most favorable testimony to the excellence of the Assyrian artists. A valuable collection of mosaics from Carthage, recently excavated, have been sent home by the Rev. Nathan Davis. They belong to the Roman period. Two exquisite full-length female figures—one of a dancing girl, the other in a careless and graceful attitude of repose, in a standing posture and holding the spray of a flower in her hand—deserve the highest encomium that can be bestowed upon them. Besides the mosaics, Mr. Davis has sent home a number of fragments of statuary, etc., of rude workmanship, but many of them most valuable in a philosophical point of view, as containing Phœnician inscriptions.

CHRISTIANITY IN CHINA.—The missionaries in conference with the Bishop of Victoria have under consideration a plan for locating in the district cities a native deacon or catechist under the supervision of an itinerating European missionary. The Rev. Canon Stowell narrates the following discourse by a Chinese tailor with reference to the relative merits of Confucianism, Buddhism, and Christianity: "A man had fallen into a deep, dark pit, and lay in its miry bottom groaning and utterly unable to move. Confucius, walking by, approached the edge of the pit and said: 'Poor fellow, I am sorry for you; why were you such a fool as to get in there? Let me give you a piece of advice—if you ever get out, do n't get in again.' 'I can't get out,' groaned the man. A Buddhist priest next came by and said: 'Poor fellow, I am very much pained to see you there; I think if you could scramble up two-thirds of the way, or even half, I could reach you and lift you up the rest.' But the man in the pit was entirely helpless and unable to rise. Next the Savior came by, and hearing his cries, went to the very brink of the pit, stretched down and laid hold of the poor man, brought him up, and said, 'Go and sin no more.'" It must be admitted that this allegory possesses the merit of much originality, while the simplicity of its details renders it easy of general comprehension.

LIFE AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA.—The United States ship Vincennes, in its recent explorations off the coast of Kamschatka, obtained bottom at the depth of 1,700 fathoms—10,200 feet—with the line, and took up some very minute specimens of sea-worms on it. These, when submitted to the microscope, appeared to have been living but a few moments before, and were supposed to have died when brought near the surface, and relieved from the immense pressure of the superincumbent water. These worms, or infusoria, give evidence that they were designed to live under circumstances which, heretofore, have been supposed fatal to all organisms. The manner in which they were taken was as follows: Bands of four goose quills, open at both extremities, were inserted in the

end of the iron rod which pierces the bottom; a small valve permitted the water to flow through them as they went down, but closed as they came up. The quills pierced the bottom, and were filled with the adhesive fine clay of the ocean containing the minute organisms.

ASTRONOMICAL CLOCK.—There is in the town of Nantucket, Mass., an astronomical clock, made by Hon. Walter Folger, when he was only twenty-two years of age. The plan of the whole of its machinery was matured and completed in his mind before he commenced to put it together. It keeps the correct date of the year, and the figures change as the year changes. The sun and moon, represented by balls, appear to rise and set on the face of the clock, with all their variations and phases, as in the heavens. It also indicates the sun's place in the ecliptic, keeps an account of the motion of the moon's nodes around the ecliptic, and the sun and moon's declination.

TRACT SOCIETY PUBLICATIONS.—During the past year the American Tract Society printed 682,250 volumes, 11,857,000 publications, 243,507,000 pages. Since its formation, the Society has circulated 13,757,285 volumes, 199,645,362 publications, 4,984,293,953 pages, including 151,713 volumes. Baxter's Saint's Rest has had a circulation of 222,394 volumes; Call to the Unconverted, 425,133; Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, 325,416; Pike's Persuasive to Early Piety, 138,472; Guide to Young Disciples, 110,253; Doddridge's Rise and Progress, 165,949; Edwards's Sabbath Manual, in various forms, 589,545; Temperance Manual, 177,375; Alleine's Alarm, 232,927; Songs for the Little Ones, 194,000; Tract Primer, 552,000; Advice to a Married Couple, 137,043; Peep of Day Series—three books—183,000; Abbott's Mother and Child at Home, 197,221; Young Christian, 57,733; of Flavel's works—six volumes—419,885 volumes have been put into circulation, 1,258,552 Pocket Manuals, of fourteen kinds, have been circulated, as also 147,074 bound volumes of tracts.

RAILROAD PROGRESS.—The first railroad constructed in the United States was the Quincy road, built in 1827. The first passenger railroad was the Baltimore and Ohio, which was opened with horse power for fifteen miles in 1830. The Mohawk and Hudson river road was opened for public travel with horse power in the summer of 1831. Locomotives were first used in this country in 1831, on the Mohawk and Hudson railroad, and in 1832 upon the Baltimore and Ohio, and on the South Carolina railroad. In 1828 there were but three miles of railroad in the United States; now there are twenty-one thousand, five hundred miles!

BRITISH TAXATION.—The taxation which the British Parliament imposes this year for the support of the Government amounts to the enormous sum of £69,000,000 sterling, or \$345,000,000. Of this sum over £28,000,000 sterling go to pay interest on the national debt, and over £26,000,000 sterling are required for the army and navy. This taxation, it is said, exceeds the cost of our General Government and of all the state and municipal governments in the Union combined.

Literary Notices.

(1.) **PRONOUNCING BIBLE.**—This is a valuable addition to our Book-Room publications. It has evidently been prepared with much care, and is a desirable companion for every Bible reader. In addition to the inspired text, it contains copious references to parallel passages; also, various chronological, historical, geographical, and archaeological tables, besides several colored maps. Indeed, we discover nothing wanting to the completeness of the volume.

(2.) **GERALD AND PHILIP; or, Patience to Work and to Wait.** 18mo. 272 pp.

(3.) **GIRLS AT SCHOOL; or, Boarding-School Life of Julia and Elizabeth.** 18mo. 190 pp.

(4.) **SYLVIA AUSTIN AND BENNY BLUBBER; or, the Girl who Stole a Cent and the Crying Boy.** 18mo. 130 pp.

(5.) **MILES LAWSON; or, the Family at the Yew.** 18mo. 140 pp.—These are choice additions to our already extended Sunday School Library.

(6.) **ELECTION TIMES; or, Social and Domestic Influence.** By Mrs. E. S. N. Payne. 12mo. 251 pp. 50 cents. Cincinnati: American Reform Tract and Book Society.—This volume contains a series of narratives or stories drawn, as the author says, "from real life." Certainly they are life-like; and will not fail to warn the young against the perils of that most stormy and at the same time most pestilent of all seas, namely, that of political life. The work, scattered broadcast among the lads and young men of our land, would achieve immense good.

(7.) **THE DIARY OF A SAMARITAN.** By a Member of the Howard Association of New Orleans. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Rickey, Mallory & Co. 12mo. 324 pp.—This is a volume of touching incidents. It will do the heart good to read it.

(8.) **THE PRAIRIE TRAVELER. A Hand-Book for Overland Expeditions, with Maps, Illustrations, and Itineraries of the Principal Routes between the Mississippi and the Pacific.** By Randolph B. Marcy, Captain United States Army. Published by authority of the War Department. 18mo. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Rickey, Mallory & Co.—We suppose this work is in every respect authentic and reliable. The overland emigrant will find it invaluable. It is of a size convenient for the pocket, is well supplied with maps and engravings, and embodies all the information on every subject connected with journeying on the plains. At the same time, it is quite interesting as a reading book.

(9.) **HISTORY OF AMERICA.** By Mary Howitt. 2 vols. 12mo. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Rickey, Mallory & Co.—This book is beautifully illustrated and got up in an attractive style. Its author is so universally known as an accomplished writer, that the work will be sought for eagerly. Especially does it possess those attractive elements that

will interest the young. We earnestly recommend parents to put works of this character into the hands of their children, instead of the trashy novels with which the land is flooded.

(10.) **BIBLE STORIES** is sent forth by the American Tract Society, and on sale as above.

(11.) **THE VIRGINIANS, A Tale of the Last Century.** By W. M. Thackeray. 8vo. 411 pp., double column, illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Rickey, Mallory & Co.—"Thackeray's Virginians" has been drawing its slow length along in Harper's Monthly for many a weary month. It is ended now, and is before us in book form. We have not read it entire. We are acquainted with no one who has read it, unless, possibly, one of the editors of the aforesaid monthly. We have no doubt it combines some of the best qualities as well as the greatest defects of its author.

(12.) **CAROLINA SPORTS BY LAND AND WATER; including incidents of Devil-Fishing, Wild-Cat, Deer, and Bear-Hunting, etc.** By the Hon. William Elliott, of South Carolina. With six illustrations. 12mo. New York: Derby & Jackson. Cincinnati: Rickey, Mallory & Co., and Robert Clarke & Co.—Mr. Elliott's sketches of adventure by water and by land, can hardly fail to carry the reader along with the writer, and make him a partaker of his sports and adventures. "Devil-Fishing" will open a new chapter to many readers.

(13.) **FISHER'S RIVER (North Carolina) SCENES AND CHARACTERS.** By "Skitt," "who was raised thar." Illustrated by John M'Lenan. 16mo. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Rickey, Mallory & Co.—This work contains some coarse wit, and deals largely in the marvelous. It may interest the inhabitants of the benighted region where its scenes are laid, and we recommend it to their respectful consideration.

(14.) **PREACHERS AND PREACHING.** By Nicholas Murray, D. D., author of "Kirwan's Letters to Bishop Hughes," "Romanism at Rome," "Men and Things in Europe." New York: Harper & Brothers, Publishers. 12mo. Pp. 303. Cincinnati: Rickey, Mallory & Co.—Whatever "Kirwan" writes is pretty sure to find readers. Like Dr. Cumming, of London, however, he has written too much. This volume is marked by shrewdness of observation and felicity of expression, rather than by any thing profound or original. The author thus truthfully discourses upon the method of securing notoriety in the pulpit: "The surest and shortest way of securing notoriety is to become queer or peculiar, or to become fanatical on some of the isms. Lorenzo Dow obtained much of his fame by his blanket, and by now and then throwing one leg over the pulpit, when it was low enough to admit of it. The scarlet coat, the breeches, and stockings of a famous preacher in his day were his only attractions, and these drew multitudes to hear him. The

florid nonsense of Maffitt often left such men as Mason, and Spring, and Romeyn, to preach to almost empty churches. Mappin, with his shilling razors, and Moses, with his cheap trowsers, have taught many preachers the path of fame. That is not the quiet way by which the acorn grows up to the towering oak, but the noisy way of drum and trumpet, by which mountebanks attract a crowd."

(15.) *THE FOOL OF QUALITY; or, History of Henry, Earl of Moreland.* By Henry Brooke, Esq. New and revised edition. Introduction by Dr. Strickland. With a Biographical Preface by the Rev. Charles Kingsley. New York: Derby & Jackson. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co. 2 vols. 404 and 379 pp.—A contemporary says: "This novel unquestionably enjoys 'the benefit of clergy.' They are its ushers. They vouch for it, praise it, and historically environ it with venerable literary facts, in themselves novel now, because they happened so long ago. Curiously enough, it is said that the saintly John Wesley, in his advanced age, prepared a revised and expurgated edition of the Fool of Quality, for circulation among the Methodists." He might have added that even this edition is sent forth with an Introduction from a grave Doctor of Divinity. (All D. D.'s are grave!) We recognize in this work an old acquaintance of our boyhood. Strangely enough, Mr. Wesley's edition, an abridgment, came to our hand, and was the pastime of many a pleasant hour. Even now we recognize it as an antidote to dyspepsia and the blues. Nay, it is more than that. We agree with Mr. Wesley that it continually strikes at the heart—aiming to inspire right affections, and to instill gratitude to God and benevolence to man. Of course, it is quaint in style—as it wears the garb of a former century; but it somehow takes hold upon the reader, and he will not willingly let it drop.

(16.) *BABY NIGHT CAPS* is the singular title of a book which contains some good stories for the little ones. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: Rickey, Mallory & Co.

(17.) *NIGHT CAPS* is an older sister of the above.

(18.) *MARTHA'S HOOKS AND EYES.* 18mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: Rickey, Mallory & Co.—The very young heroine of this oddly-named little story, by patience and thoughtfulness, was enabled to relieve the distresses of her much afflicted parents. It is an entertaining book for children.

(19.) *SPIRIT LIFE AND ITS RELATIONS.* By Rev. T. Spicer, D. D. Albany: Munsell & Rowland.—Severely didactic in style, yet fine in arrangement; clear in statement, logical in argument, and sound in doctrinal view.

(20.) *HANDIE* is the first in a series—"Stories of Rainbow and Lucky." By Jacob Abbott. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Rickey, Mallory & Co.

(21.) *THE QUEEN OF HEARTS.* By Wilkie Collins. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Rickey, Mallory & Co. 12mo. 472 pp.

(22.) *HERE AND THERE, or, Earth and Heaven*, contains brief Scripture contrasts between the earthly and the heavenly country. It is a choice companion for the closet, and a noble help to communion with God and heaven. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: Rickey, Mallory & Co.

(23.) *THE CHRISTIAN LAWYER, being a portraiture of the Life and Character of William George Baker.* New York: Carlton & Porter. Cincinnati: Swormstedt & Poe. 12mo. 320 pp.—Mr. Baker was a man of bereavement and sorrow, as well as of piety and integrity. His brief, simple, but sometimes affecting notes constitute the prime value of the memoir. His history and character thoroughly enlist our sympathy. We are thankful to God that we have laymen among us worthy of such noble record.

(24.) *FIRST QUARRELS IN MARRIED LIFE.* Edited by James H. Burk. 12mo. 291 pp. 75 cents. Cincinnati: Applegate & Co.—The material for this book has not been gathered without great labor. The young married would do well to read it. Indeed, its incidents and narrations are pregnant with valuable suggestions to all persons sustaining the marriage relation. It is a novel subject for a book, but one of great practical utility. We have no hesitation in recommending the book as worthy of a wide circulation. It will prevent as well as heal "quarrels in married life." A copy of it should be put into the hands of every newly-married couple.

(25.) *SUNNY HOURS: consisting of Poems on Various Subjects.* By J. Wesley Carhart. New York: Putney & Russell. 12mo. 233 pp.—Mr. Carhart is a member of the Troy annual conference. Our readers will remember him in connection with a few beautiful poems contributed to our columns. Many passages in this volume possess the true poetic spirit. Others are liable to criticism, and would no doubt have been much improved by an observance of the rule prescribed by Horace. We, however, are not disposed to criticise where we find so much pleasing and worthy of commendation. As specimens we quote the author's versification of the twenty-third Psalm:

"The Lord is my shepherd to feed
And lead me where still waters flow;
He giveth me bread when I need;
No want in his fold shall I know.

I lie in green pastures; my soul
He reneweth; the paths which I tread
Are paths where the righteous may stroll,
And rest with the Shepherd, their head.

When walking the shadowy vale,
Where death's awful visage appears,
Thy glorious rod shall prevail,
And banish forever my fears.

A table for me thou hast set
In the face of my deadliest foes
My head with fine oil thou hast wet,
My cup with salvation o'erflows.

Thy goodness, O Lord! shall endure,
Thy mercy shall ever abide;
I'll dwell in thy temple secure
From tempests of life's troubled tide."

We must indulge ourselves in an excerpt from "Baby Minnie." For beauty of conception and felicity of

expression, it will compare favorably with passages in our best poets:

"Ah, thou happy little stranger,
Welcome now I sing;
Welcome, welcome, little ranger—
Holy pleasures bring!
Welcome, with thy tiny fingers,
And thy loving eyes,
Where thy precious spirit lingers
With a thousand sighs!

Angels brought thee on their pinions,
Through the balmy air,
From the bright and pure dominions
Where the righteous are.
Did they to their bosoms fold thee,
As their glowing song
Sweetly echoed to beguile thee,
As they swept along?

Didst thou steal thy baby sweetness
From the world of bliss?
Didst thou think thou couldst retain it
In a world like this?"

We have not space for further notice. These excerpts will give some idea of the style and genius of the author.

(26.) A DICTIONARY OF THE HOLY BIBLE.—The American Tract Society has issued a most excellent work of this kind. It is accompanied with engravings, maps, and tables, illustrating very fully the work. Every Sunday school and Bible class teacher, and, in fact, every student of the Bible, ought to have this or some kindred work for reference. We have examined the work before us as minutely as our circumstances would allow, and feel assured that we can recommend it to our Sunday school teachers as in every respect reliable and worthy of their attention.

(27.) EVENINGS AT THE MICROSCOPE; or, *Researches among the Minuter Organs and Forms of Animal Life.* By Philip Henry Gosse, F. R. S. 12mo. 480 pp. New York: Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: Rickey, Mallory & Co.—The telescope reveals the remote and the grand. The microscope opens to our vision a universe—so to speak—equally wonderful and equally marked with wondrous displays of the Creator's skill, in the minute. The revelations and the uses of the microscope are among the most wonderful things of this age of wonders in science and art. The volume before us is rich and beautiful in matter as well as in workmanship.

(28.) LIFE AMONG THE CHOCTAW INDIANS, AND SKETCHES OF THE SOUTH-WEST. By Henry C. Benson, A. M., of the California Conference. Cincinnati: Swormstedt & Poe. 12mo. Pp. 314.—The western Agents have just issued the little book whose title we have given. It contains a good deal of information with regard to the Choctaws and missionary operations among them, and embraces some interesting and thrilling sketches of frontier life and manners. The author was formerly connected with the mission school at Ft. Coffee, and speaks from personal acquaintance with the Indian character and people.

(29.) MARY STAUNTON; or, *the Pupils of Marcell Hall.* New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: Rickey,

Mallory & Co. 12mo. Pp. 398.—A girl's life at a fashionable boarding-school has its evils as well as its advantages; and the former are portrayed in this volume. The writer, whom we take to be a lady, evidently speaks from her own experience, and endeavors to show how a fashionable and godless training so famishes the heart and weakens good impulses, that years of patient labor and watching are required to repair the loss.

(30.) PRINCE CHARLIE, THE YOUNG CHEVALIER. By Merideth Johns. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: Rickey, Mallory & Co. 16mo. Pp. 331.—Parents who wish to cultivate in their children a correct taste for reading, will place in their hands brief histories of events whose chief interest centers in a single actor and a single action. Such a history is that of the Rebellion in Scotland in 1745. The leader was Prince Charles, eldest son of the Pretender, James III, and the principal action was on the field of Culloden. The story of the Prince's romantic career, his noble character, his daring valor, his hair-breadth escapes, his sufferings, his exile, and his death, is here told in a pleasant style, and will prove attractive to the young reader.

(31.) HUNTER'S SONGS OF DEVOTION: containing the Most Popular of the published Hymns and Religious Songs of Rev. William Hunter, D. D. Accompanied with Music, arranged by Rev. J. M. Thomas. Pittsburg: J. L. Read. For sale by Methodist Agencies generally. Price, 15 cents.—Charles Adams felicitously styles Charles Wesley "the poet preacher." Mr. Hunter is more nearly entitled to be known as "the poet preacher of American Methodism," than any other man we know of. He has produced soul-stirring strains that will live forever. He sends forth no trash; no low, vulgar religious ditty; no tame or worthless production. We are glad to know that the real merit of his sacred songs has secured for them a wide circulation.

(32.) HOW COULD HE HELP IT? or, *the Heart Triumphant.* By A. S. Roe. 12mo. 443 pp. New York: Derby & Jackson. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

(33.) EDITH VAUGHN'S VICTORY; or, *How to Conquer.* By Helen Wall Person. 16mo. 289 pp. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: Rickey, Mallory & Co.

(34.) PAMPHLETS.—1. *The Kingdom of Christ; or, Spiritual and Temporal Authority.* A Sermon preached in Wesley Chapel, Washington, D. C., on Thanksgiving Day, November 24, 1859. By B. H. Nadal, D. D.—2. *Infant Salvation.* A Sermon preached in the Methodist Episcopal Church, St. Alvans, Vt., on the Death of Frank Hamilton Woodward. By Rev. Volney M. Simons.—3. *Minutes of Detroit Conference.* Bishop Janes, President. Rev. S. Reed, Secretary.—4. *Lawrence University Catalogue.* Acting President, Rev. Russell Z. Mason, A. M., assisted by five professors. Students, 298.—5. *M'Kendree College.* President, Rev. N. E. Cobleigh, D. D., assisted by six professors. Students, 192.—6. *Upper Iowa University.* President, Rev. Lucius H. Bugbee, A. M., assisted by seven professors. Students, 288.

New York Literary Correspondence.

Prose Fictions—Purpose of their Authors—The Religious Novel—Adam Bede—Benlah—Fool of Quality—From Dawn to Daylight—Impulse vs. Principle—The Samaritan—Prison Sketches—Centenary of Methodism—New Books for Methodism—Our Sunday School Secretary—Irving and De Quincy.

ONE of the characteristics of the literature of the present time is the prominent position occupied by prose fictions, and the extension of its designs beyond mere amusement to practical and partisan purposes. Both Dickens and Thackeray, the rival masters of the English novel, write with an ulterior purpose to give direction to the public thought, and to quietly saturate the mind of the British nation with their own peculiar opinions and sentiments. To some extent the same was the case with Eugene Sue, though probably he wrote rather from the fullness of his own dark and impassioned soul than with any definite purpose as to the effects likely to be produced by his utterances. The greatest of our native novelists, Mrs. Stowe, very evidently purposes something more than to tell a good story when she arouses her genius to frame those fictions that the whole world makes haste to read. That must be a very dull reader, indeed, who finds in "Uncle Tom" or "Dred" only a well-told negro story; or that does not find in the "Minister's Wooing" a Beecherish dash against the traditional but much-abused theology of the Puritans. Fiction has become a great power in the world, and accordingly its aid is sought for the furtherance of social purposes and the realization of the writer's variant theories of society. It is also quite evident that nearly always this agency has been in the hands of neither the truly wise nor good; yet even those who have deprecated its ill-effects have been compelled to confess its vast capabilities, and so have been led to inquire whether it may not be made to serve a better cause.

The bad use to which fiction has been chiefly applied has occasioned a widely-prevalent dislike toward that form of writing among those who have been especially careful of the public morality, and all fictions have been denounced as of pernicious tendency. But it is a hopeless attempt to endeavor in a reading age to shut out from our libraries, public or domestic, all works of fiction, or if they are there to prevent their being read. We accordingly find our Tract Society and Sunday School literature largely made up of stories professedly "founded on facts," though as really fictions as any thing written since Robinson Crusoe. The religious novel which seems just now to be coming into favor is a decided improvement upon these; for while the former designedly give only partial, and, therefore, somewhat untruthful, views of things, the latter surveys the whole field of vision, and considers whatever occurs in its range. It begins to be understood, that though our world is full of things that one had better never be acquainted with, yet these things can not be success-

fully ignored; and, since they must be confronted, it is best to be instructed as to their real character before one comes to learn it from experience. Still, the didactic purposes of the novel, and especially the religious one, should be only incidental, though not, therefore, subordinate or secondary. All, or any one, of Mrs. Stowe's novels, will illustrate this remark; for, while in each of them the story is comparatively unimportant, their great excellence consists of certain successful illustrations of several phases of religious character, and of the operation of deep religious emotions, and the indomitable energy of religious principles. The phenomena of religious life present a field for the exercise of the novelist's powers at once the richest and the least cultivated in all the range of his subjects.

In the comprehensive class of religious novels I would assign a distinguished place to *Adam Bede*; for, after all that has been said to the contrary, I persist in not only classing it among religious novels, but also in commending it as a book of healthful moral tendencies. I might not, indeed, go so far as some who have placed it in Sunday school libraries, and recommended it for the reading of girls in their teens; but with those for whom such books are designed, its influence can not fail to be good. And while the religious elements of the book appear to come up incidentally, and others than the more decidedly-religious characters to occupy the foreground of the picture, yet the strongest light falls upon the characters and actions which go to illustrate the beauty and strength of religious principles. A book of the same class, though of a very different character, just now occupies the notable position of "the last novel"—"BENLAH, by Augusta J. Evans." The writer is said to be a very young woman, of Mobile—a Methodist, by the way—and I see the book is dedicated to a former valued friend of your correspondent, Mrs. Seaborn Jones, of Columbus, whom the fair authoress calls "my aunt." The book, as I received it from the publishers—Derby & Jackson—is accompanied with a letter sheet of recommendations, chiefly from southern pens, who praise it largely, though not without discrimination. Marian Harlan, herself a popular novelist, compares it with *Adam Bede*, and styles the pair "the two best works of fiction recently written," noticing the further accidental coincidence that each is the work of a *Miss Evans*. Rev. W. H. Milburn, who was once the writer's pastor, declares that "the reading of it can not fail to do great good." Mr. "Sparrowgrass" Cozzens makes it, on account of its southern origin, the occasion for a regular fire-eater's onslaught against all who do not swear by the "peculiar institution;" and Hon. W. H. Hilliard declares himself "charmed with the book," and also exults that "the south" could produce so much excellence. All this sectionalism seems to me to be alike uncalled for and unworthy of its subject, for literary excellence has no peculiar

location, nor is it confined by sectional metes and bounds.

Beulah is the early life-history of an orphan girl. The story is laid in the city of Mobile—its time the present decade. Its *dramatis personæ* belong chiefly to the upper class of society as found in the southern cities—mammon-worshipping men and frivolous, fashionable women; cultivated and thoughtful men, moving easily in society with which they have no sympathy, and God-fearing women living among the abominations of desolation, yet having their garments undefiled; young men, gay, dissolute, and abandoned; and young women, vain, selfish, and worthless. Among these "Beulah" lives, labors, and suffers—a strange compound of qualities—good, and not wholly good—gifted, self-reliant—too proud, too vain—with more of intellect than of heart—and yet enough of the latter to render its possessor most miserable in the self-imposed desolation of sympathy to whom she doomed herself. From beginning to almost the end it is a panorama of scenes of sorrow, unrelieved by a single green spot in the desert wastes of pain. Its religious character is rather of the negative kind; the emptiness of fashionable religion is exhibited in grim caricatures, while the "eclipse of faith" is most horribly illustrated in the mind history of the gifted orphan, yet in her teens, led away by German and New England sophists. Still the book is one of great power, and valuable, especially as promising better things from the same gifted hand.

Most opportunely for the illustration of my position as to the religious novel, and for my defense, if any of your more scrupulous readers should suspect that your correspondent is in danger of going too far, is the appearance just at this time—from the press of Derby & Jackson—of an edition of Brooke's "Fool of Quality," first printed in England nearly a hundred years ago, and afterward issued in a somewhat abridged form by John Wesley, as a part of his "Christian Library," and commended by him "as the most excellent work of the kind that he had seen." To prepare novels for the reading of his people seems strangely inconsistent with the character of Wesley, as compared with the nature and tendency of that kind of literature, as generally estimated by religious persons; and even during the life-time of that great evangelist many of his followers were not well pleased that he had done so. Dr. Adam Clarke tells us that when he read the work, it "sometimes made me laugh and sometimes cry, and sometimes made me ready to go upon my knees;" but then with a forced philosophy he adds, "the thought that it was a *fiction*, made me angry with myself," as though a fiction could not be quite as truthful in its representations and teachings as the most literal records of facts. For a long time the "Fool of Quality" has been out of print and almost entirely forgotten, and most likely its immunity from complete oblivion and its late resuscitation is chiefly owing to the fact that it found favor with the apostle of Methodism. Recently the erratic Rev. Charles Kingsley, of London, procured its republication, with a long appreciative and commendatory preface from his own gifted hand; and from that edition the present one is made—Americanized, perhaps, too, still

farther Methodized by an "Introduction" by the Rev. Dr. Strickland, who seems to have become the recognized hierophant of exoteric Methodistical literature. Thus heralded and presented, "The Fool of Quality—Henry, Earl of Moreland," comes before the American public in a becoming dress—of types and paper—with a good prospect of a favorable reception, and a wider range than was accorded to him after his former advent. The appearance of this work just now is only one of the many concurrent indications of the direction in which the popular thought and taste are drifting.

In my "pile" I find a new volume entitled, "From Dawn to Daylight, by a Minister's Wife." It is the confessed but not proclaimed production of Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher, a book of the Sunnyside-Shadyside family, which had such a run some years ago, and was supposed to have been long since "played out." The story is located in your great west, and like all its class, it is a tale of joys and sorrows—of empty purses and ill-supplied stores, compensated by opportunities to do good, and to be blessed by blessing. Though written as the record of "a friend" of the author, and published as the work of "a minister's wife," it is quite evident that the minister himself saw the manuscript before it went to the printer. If not, the "wife" has very happily succeeded in rivaling the "minister" himself. There is often a pleasure in looking back at departed hardships, over which present sunshines cast a joyous radiance, and one gratifies a venial personal pride when in contrasting the past with the present the improved condition of things appears as the results of one's own cleverness. Besides the pleasure it will afford its readers, this book will also aid in pleading the cause of the poorly-fed and still more inadequately-appreciated ministers.

It is sometimes found that the contemplation of human wretchedness and suffering, with the purpose to afford the needed relief, has a strange attractiveness for many minds. A disposition to succor the distressed is an instinct of human nature so strong and active that when exercised it presently becomes a passion, which at length subordinates all others to itself. Christianity gives it her most sacred sanction, enjoining its exercise as a high duty, and promising in return the most glorious recompense; while in it the inborn chivalry of the soul finds its highest pleasure and most complete development. In considering the life and character of Howard the philanthropist, I have often thought that passion as certainly as religious principle impelled him in his career of benevolence; and the same remark will apply with equal fitness to nearly all of his class. Nor does this at all detract from their merits; for surely it can not increase the merits of doing good to perform it painfully and against strongly-opposing impulses. They who have most effectively administered to the poor and suffering have not usually been distinguished for an unusual share of painful sympathy; and though all levity or even moderate hilarity would be incongruous in such a work, yet cheerfulness and a good condition of the nerves are valuable requisites, both as to himself and the objects of his beneficence, for one who seeks to alleviate human wretchedness.

Formerly and in other countries works of this kind were accounted the especial employment of religious ascetics, and even in Protestant England they were for a long time considered as peculiarly an ecclesiastical function. But from the time of Howard it has been otherwise; and though perhaps even in such cases Christianity has been the efficient though remote cause, yet very much has been done in relieving human wretchedness by persons apparently very far removed from the influences of religion.

This subject, like every other of public interest, has found a place in the literature of the day, and we have just now a new contribution to this department of current literature in the form of a volume from the press of the Harpers—"The Diary of a Samaritan, by a Member of the Howard Association of New Orleans." This "Diary" is a record of the writer's own experiences and observations, extending over a period of nearly twenty years among the fearful ravages of disease in that city of death—among which he lived and labored and suffered with sublime patience and cheerfulness. The book is full of anecdotes and incidents of deep and thrilling interest, which carry with them the evidence of their truthfulness, though stranger than the creations of fiction. Men are just waking up to a sense of the luxury of doing good, and that book will quicken the tendency to its indulgence. The same publishers have also in hand—somewhere in that uncertain stage of progress called "in press"—a kindred work, to be called "Prison Sketches," written by the Rev. John Luckey, who has been for more than twelve years chaplain to the State's Prison at Sing Sing, where he has seen the operation of various systems of prison discipline—has become acquainted with the personal history of a vast number of convicts, and collected together a great stock of information respecting the prison-world. A large share of the forthcoming volume—which I have glanced at in manuscript—is made up of the personal narratives of prisoners—tragical, comical, and grotesque, but of a character to awaken interest and to promote the cause to which the author has devoted so large a portion of his life and labors.

What year is the centenary of Methodism? This question is assuming some little interest among our "antiquarians," and active research is made for accounts of the earliest movements of Methodism in this country. Some would fix that era as early as the present year, while others—and with these I agree—would place it six years later. Probably there were Methodists in this country in 1760, or even ten years earlier, but we should not date the planting of the system from the time of their first coming. Historically Methodism in this country began at the time Embury commenced preaching, first in his own house, then in the "old rigging loft," and two years later in the "preaching-house" on "Golden Hill;" and were it ever so well ascertained that there were other sporadic Methodist movements of an earlier date elsewhere it would not alter the case. American Methodism dates from the New York nucleus, and it would be unwise to attempt to change the prescriptive opinions of our people on the subject.

German to this inquiry is the prevailing rage of research into matters of Methodist history. During

several years past the west has contributed a goodly number of books on this subject—wise and otherwise—and now the east is beginning to contribute her share. Carlton & Porter have just published a volume—"Sketches of New England Divines, by Rev. D. Sherman"—which, though not exclusively Methodistical, is largely so, containing sketches of Jesse Lee, Hedding, Hibbard, Crowell, Pickering, Merritt, Fisk, Olin, and Bridge, and naturally embodying a large amount of early Methodist history in New England. They also announce as "just ready," *The Life of Rev. Dan Young*, edited by Dr. Strickland, who is winning for himself the name of the Belzoni of old Methodism. Of this old worthy, now exhumed for embalming, we are told that he was one of the working pioneers of Methodism in Massachusetts, in both its spiritualities and its temporalities; and, as often was the case with men of his class, he became a marked and a remarkable character. Dr. Strickland is also preparing from original documents the life of Rev. Jacob Gruber, for a long time the patriarch of the old Baltimore conference, of whom more anecdotes have been related than almost any other man. The book will probably be a companion to "Peter Cartwright," equally rich in characteristics and incidents, but—it may be hoped—a trifle less extravagant.

A work of a somewhat different character, by the same publishers, is "The Christian Lawyer, a portraiture of the Life and Character of William George Baker," of Baltimore. The saving and ennobling power of religion is often best illustrated by being presented in a non-professional aspect. To be in the world and yet not of the world, mingling in its affairs and yet a stranger to its spirit, is a condition of the Christian life that belongs especially to the laity—and to no others more especially than to the members of the legal profession. It is sufficient praise to this book to put it in the same class with the "Successful Merchant."

Our popular Sunday School Secretary and Editor—Dr. Wise—continues to lay new obligations upon all juveniledom by the occasional addition of a new volume to the already pretty long list of his various works. Early the present year he gave them the "Pleasant Pathway," which has already had a large sale; and just now, under his well-known *nom de plume*, "Francis Forrester, Esq.," he has sent forth "Guy Carlton"—a *memo* of 254 pages—the first of the "Glen Morris Stories," designed, he tells us, "to sow the seed of pure, noble, and manly character in the minds of our great nation's children." Few writers are better qualified for that great work than he; and the form of instruction used in this series is significant of success. So may it be.

The necrology of the past few weeks contains the names of two great ones in the world of letters, Irving and De Quincy—characters widely unlike in many particulars, and yet having many characteristics in common. Both had attained to a ripe old age—the one having wisely husbanded the resources of temporal enjoyment, which the other equally effectually threw away; and both have left large legacies to the world in their voluminous writings. Peace to their souls, and honor to their memories!

Editor's Table.

OUR LORD'S PRAYER.—Connected with this prayer are some of the purest and holiest associations of our early childhood. As we write the vision of "long ago"—when a child we bowed, morning and evening, by a mother's knee, her gentle hand resting on our head, and repeated this prayer of prayers—comes back unto us. The beautiful aroma of that sacred hour is around us still. That mother now sleeps the unbroken sleep, but the blessing of her hand is still unlifted from our brow.

The rich significance of that prayer—its deep spiritual meaning—its adaptation to the wants of the soul, no artist's skill can fully represent to the eye. Yet the lesson of art is not inexpressive. The trumpet voice of an archangel might well be employed to summon the sons of men to unite in offering up this universal prayer. Old age and childhood may jointly exclaim, "Our Father who art in heaven!" The eye almost involuntarily follows the yearning heart, as it looks upward and prays for the revelation of the kingdom of Christ. What can better symbolize the will of God "done on earth" than the concord of the different and too often antagonistic races of men. "Violence shall no more be heard in thy land, wasting nor destruction within thy borders; but thou shalt call thy walls Salvation, and thy gates Praise." The waving grain reminds us that He "bringeth forth food out of the earth." The artist did well to introduce the fowls of the air in this scene; for even "these all wait upon Thee, that thou mayest give them their meat in due season." Forgiveness of wrong—what Christian lesson so difficult to practice, and yet what brings with it richer blessings to the heart! "Temptation" is here symbolized by the giddy dance. The artist could not have made a more appropriate selection; for, alas! this "temptation" to worldly amusement is stealing into the very homes of the Church and robbing thousands of our young people of their spirituality, if not of their very religion. We are not certain that the reader will so readily catch the illustration of the last petition. A child is represented on the edge of a precipice, stretching out her hand to pluck the beautiful flowers before her. A guardian angel, unseen by her, is by to prevent her fall. Reader, how often has the kind angel kept you from falling, as upon the brink of some frightful precipice of evil you have thoughtlessly sought to cull the flowers of pleasure or of sin? Do any of my readers yet linger upon that brink? God grant that the tip of the angel's wing may protect you from the fearful fall!

We commend this expressive picture to our readers as a study. Mr. Jones, our artist, has succeeded, we think, admirably in the new art of combining expressive tints with impressions from steel plates. We shall hope to see more of this hereafter.

OUR PORTRAITS.—Our series of portraits, we are glad to find, are receiving universal commendation. In this number we give the portrait of one of our

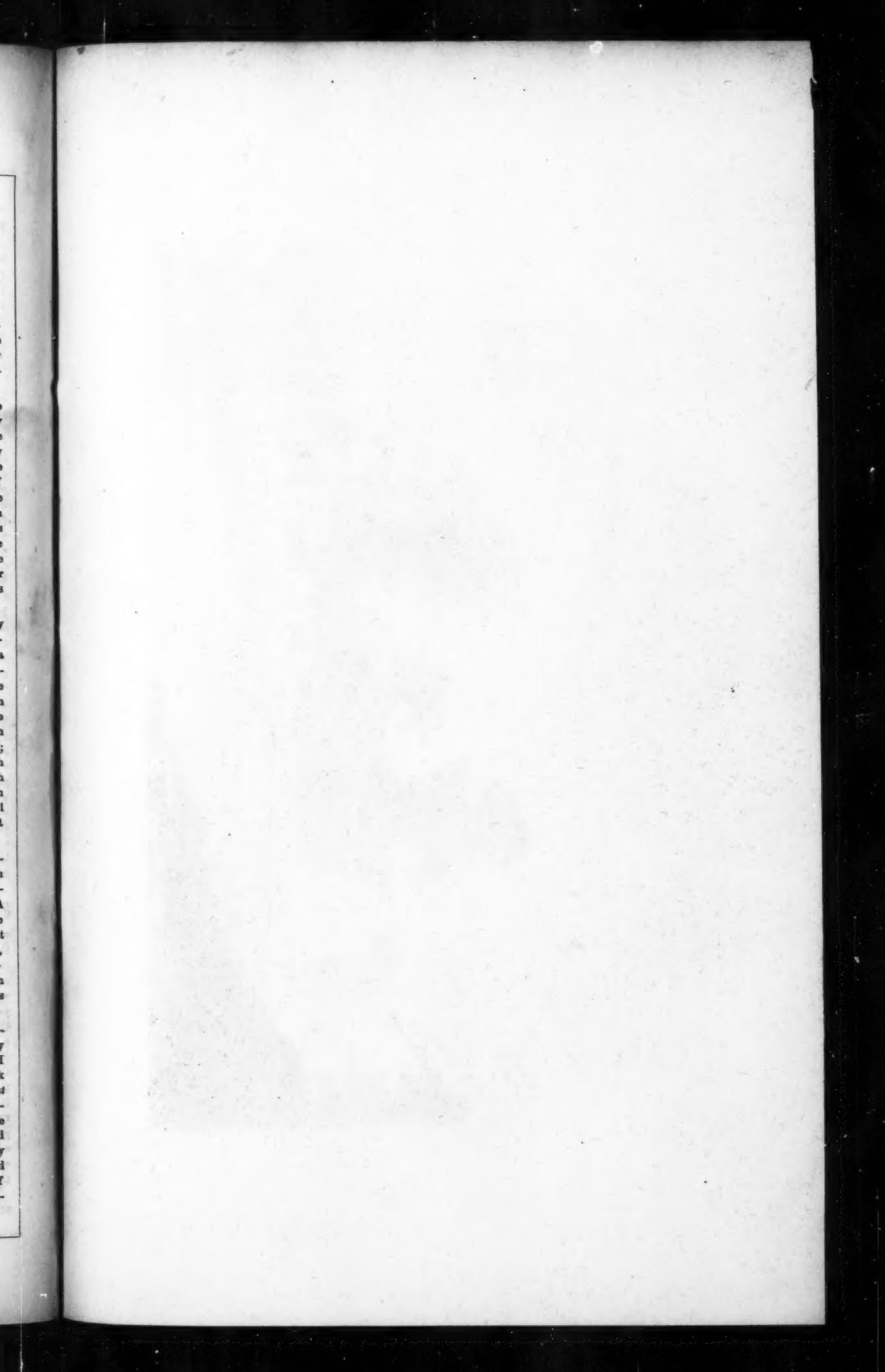
noblest and most widely-known laymen—not a relation of the editor, as might be supposed from the name—in the state of Maine. For nearly thirty years he has been identified with all our Church enterprises in that region.

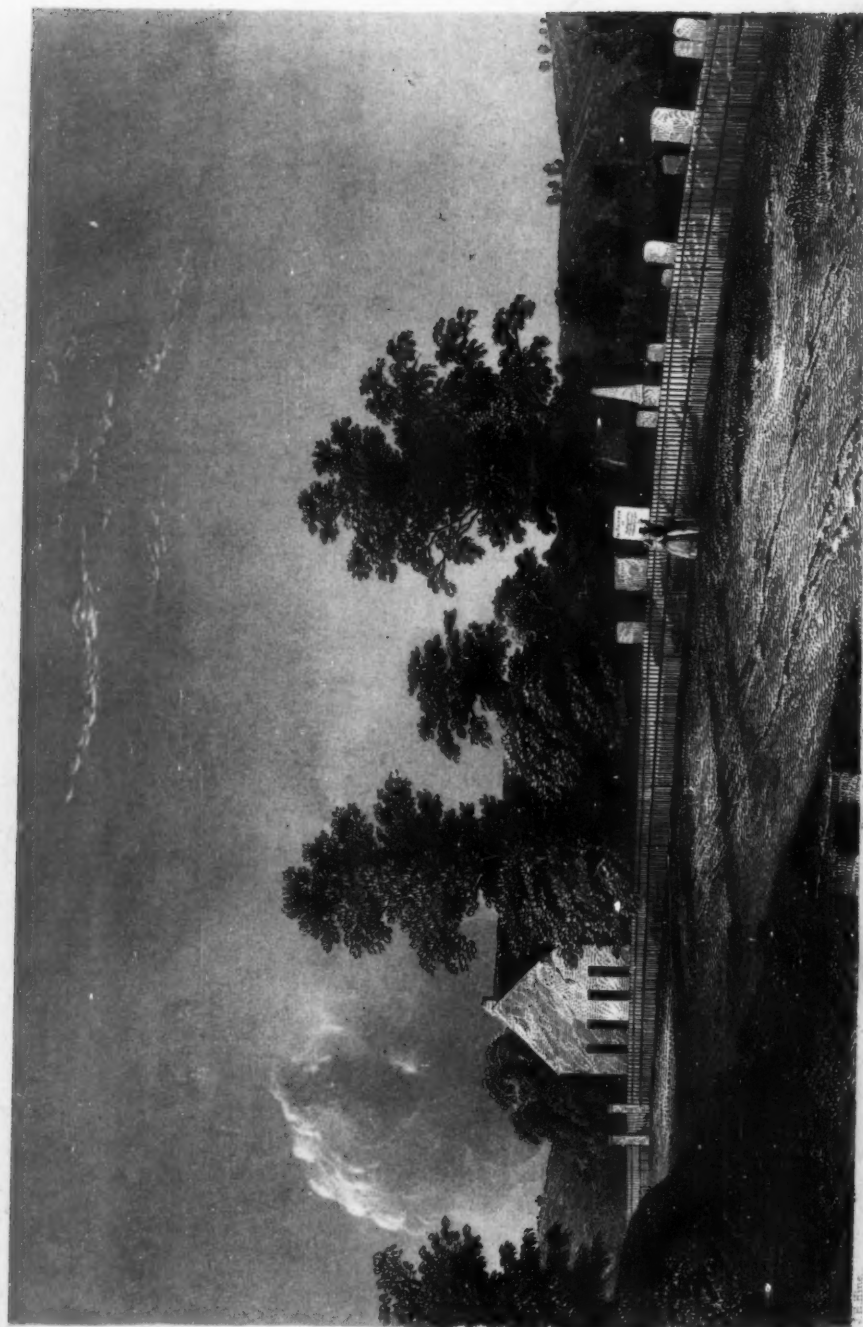
ARTICLES DECLINED.—We must respectfully decline the following articles; namely, "The Darling," "My Harriet's Eyes," "Love Paints the Sunbeam," "The Sabbath Morn," "Storm on the Waters," "My Brother," "Autumn Musings," "On a Bride," "The Stone Seat," "The Dying Teacher," "The Paths of Life," "The Sun shall Set but Rise again," "The Refiner's Fire," "Kindly Words," "The Golden Word," "Turning Backward," "The Old Man's Dream," "Our Days a Shadow," "Mission of the Gifted," and "The Dying Year." No one of the above is without some merit and some promise for the future. A few of them fall because their authors did not do as well as they might have done.

TYPGRAPHICAL ERRORS.—The types sometimes play strange freaks. A correspondent says: "By an annoying typographical error, the word 'swing' in a query on the root of 'scup,' on page 690 of our November number, was made to read 'swine.'" He adds: "As a proof-reader I have occasionally seen some errors that would almost come up to it. I once knew a compositor make the types say that a person had sent an angel to Cincinnati, instead of an agent; and another, who transposed a place from 'South America' to 'Sixth Avenue;' but I never met with a fellow-reader who could not tell 'swine' from 'swing.'" It is a rare thing for a typographical error to escape the keen eye of our proof-reader, but it will happen once in a while.

A WORK BY J. D. BELL.—The enterprising publishing firm of Philadelphia—J. Challen & Son—have in press a work by our well-known and popular contributor—Rev. J. D. Bell. Its quaint title is, "A Man; or, the Higher Pleasures of Intellect." Those who are acquainted with the style of Mr. Bell will at once recognize the fitness of the subject to the style, and will anticipate a rich intellectual treat. We believe the work is to be kept on sale at the Western Book Concern, and shall notify our readers of its appearance.

HOW TO GET THE REPOSITORY.—A lady, who incloses two dollars for her subscription, says: "My husband takes five cents weekly to buy tobacco; so I made it a point to take the same amount every week for a year. So you see, in place of *chewing that amount up and spitting it out*, I have got enough to secure something that will benefit the head." The writer closes with a "please excuse this freedom and nonsense from a stranger." We, the editor, say there is not a bit of "nonsense" about it, but sound philosophy and *equal rights*. We hope scores of wives, who have tobacco-chewing husbands, will follow the good example.





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Peace to the just man's memory, let it grow
 Green with grass, and blossoms through the flow
 Of life.

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Please to the rest mans memory let it grow
Grown with years and blossom through the dew
Of peace



Painted by S. S. Osgood

Engraved by J. C. Butler

MRS. FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

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